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October

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Gene
Herney

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could teach
you!"



GIRL: Okay, Cupid. What could the pumpkin teach me? How to be a pie?

CUPID: How to be a Mantrap, my dateless darling. To smile. Don't you know what even the plainest girl can do if she's got a sparkling smile?

GIRL: Sure. *If* she's got a sparkling smile. But what happens to me, when I brush my teeth, is a smile full of *no* smile.

CUPID: And "pink" on your tooth brush, perhaps?

GIRL: So?

CUPID: Listen, my airy friend, that "pink" happens to be an urgent warning to *see your dentist!* Let him decide whether it's serious or whether it's simply a case where today's soft foods have been robbing your gums of exercise. If so, he may very well recommend "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

GIRL: Ipana. Massage. Dentist. So what's about the smile you were talking about?

CUPID: *Precisely* why I am here. Sparkling smiles call for sound teeth. And sound teeth for healthy gums. And Ipana's designed not only to clean teeth but, with massage, to help gums. Let your dentist decide whether you need this famous dental routine--gentle massage with Ipana after you brush your teeth. Check on it, Cinderella...and start on a smile that'll have you "man-haunting" come Hallowe'en!



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Product of Bristol-Myers

*Beneath the surface of an overpowering love
may surge an undercurrent of vicious hate!*

She was deeply in love with
him... yet coming between
them was a fear, a strange
jealousy on his part that she
could not explain!



M-G-M presents a daring and unusual romance...

KATHARINE HEPBURN · ROBERT TAYLOR
ROBERT MITCHUM

UNDERCURRENT

Screenplay by EDWARD CHODOROV • Based on a story by THELMA STRABEL
Produced by PANDRO S. BERMAN • Directed by VINCENTE MINNELLI
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE



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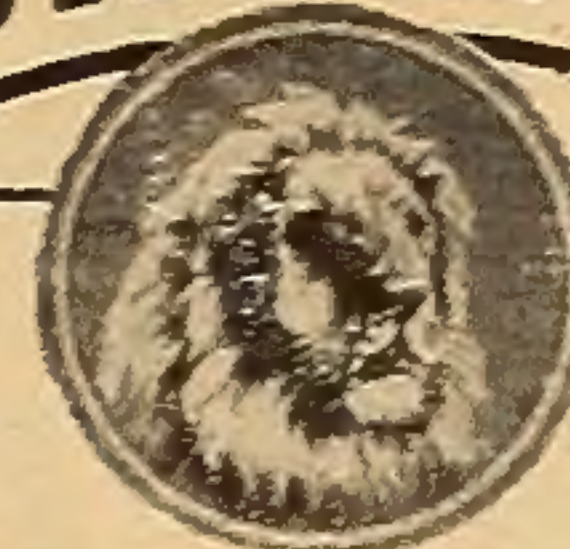
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Cover Portrait of GENE TIERNEY, co-starring with Tyrone Power in "The Razor's Edge" for 20th Century-Fox. Kodachrome by F. Powolny.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
LION'S ROAR

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

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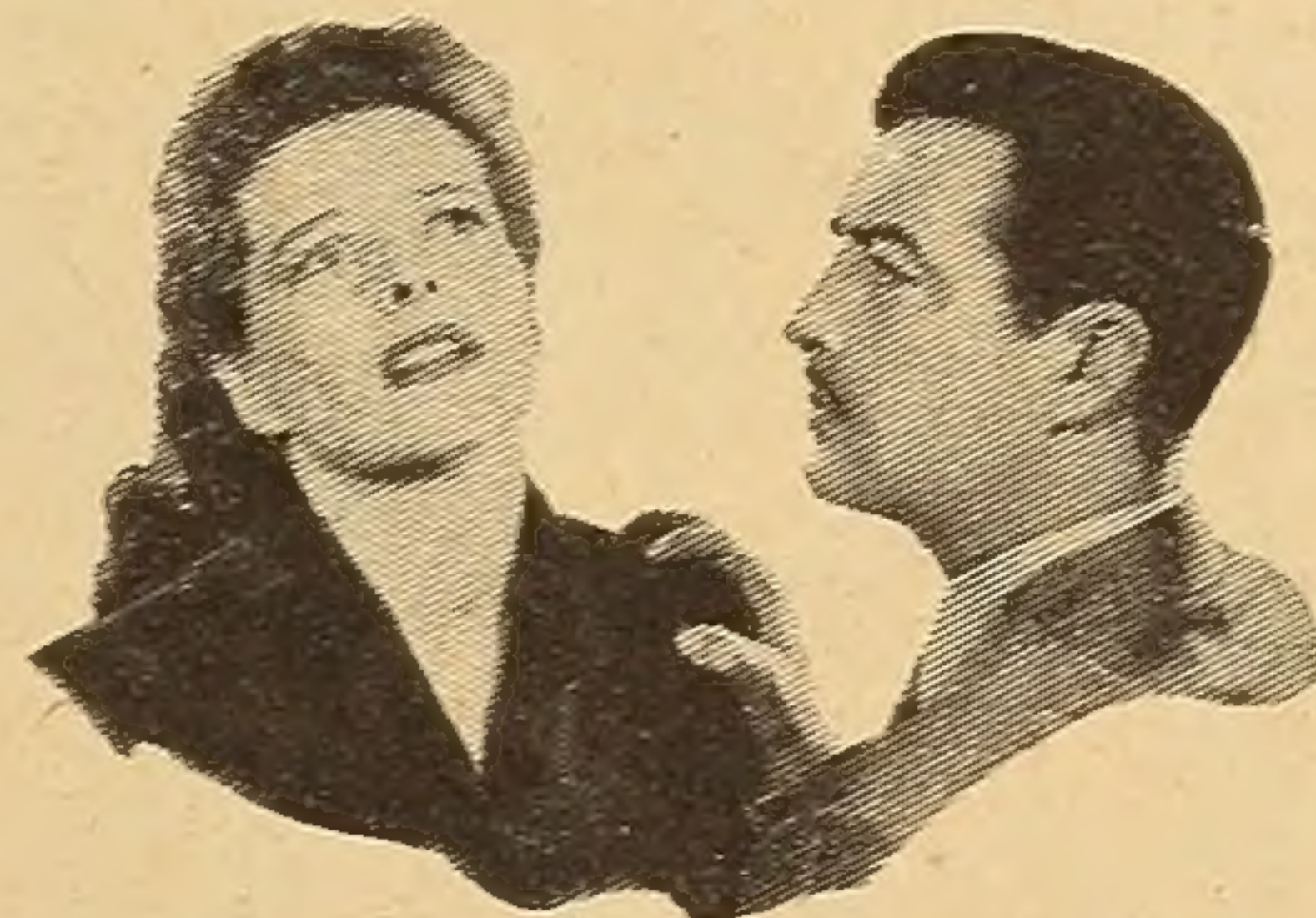
MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

SCREENLAND

We're overflowing with excitement about "Undercurrent". It's several days since we previewed it—and we still haven't shaken off the spell of this amazing new M-G-M romance.

And it baffles us to find words that convey to you the moods, the lights and shadows, the unusualness that make "Undercurrent" such a rare and exciting motion picture.

But let's try. We'll begin with Katharine Hepburn. She plays a girl of innocent and haunting beauty—her acting is dramatic quicksilver; one moment completely gay, the next serene in her love, then filled with terror at the unknown threat that hovers over her life.



And forgive this irrelevancy—she wears such attractive clothes with such wonderful grace that we predict untold millions of envious sighs.

Then, of course, there's handsome Robert Taylor and anything we could say about his performance in "Undercurrent" would be an understatement.

"Undercurrent" is not only the best possible vehicle for Taylor's return to the screen, but it is also the picture in which he creates—believe us—one of the most sensational male roles in film history.

We won't tell you exactly why we think so—it would spoil the suspense of the picture—but we know you'll agree with us when you see Bob as the brilliant young tycoon whose life is haunted by a strange and disturbing dread.

Robert Mitchum and all the cast have been chosen with rare dramatic judgment to give "Undercurrent" its startling quality.

A special commendation goes to Edward Chodorov for his powerful and imaginative script, based on a story by Thelma Strabel.

And to Pandro S. Berman who produced it, and Vincente Minnelli who directed it, go our thanks for a truly daring and memorable film.

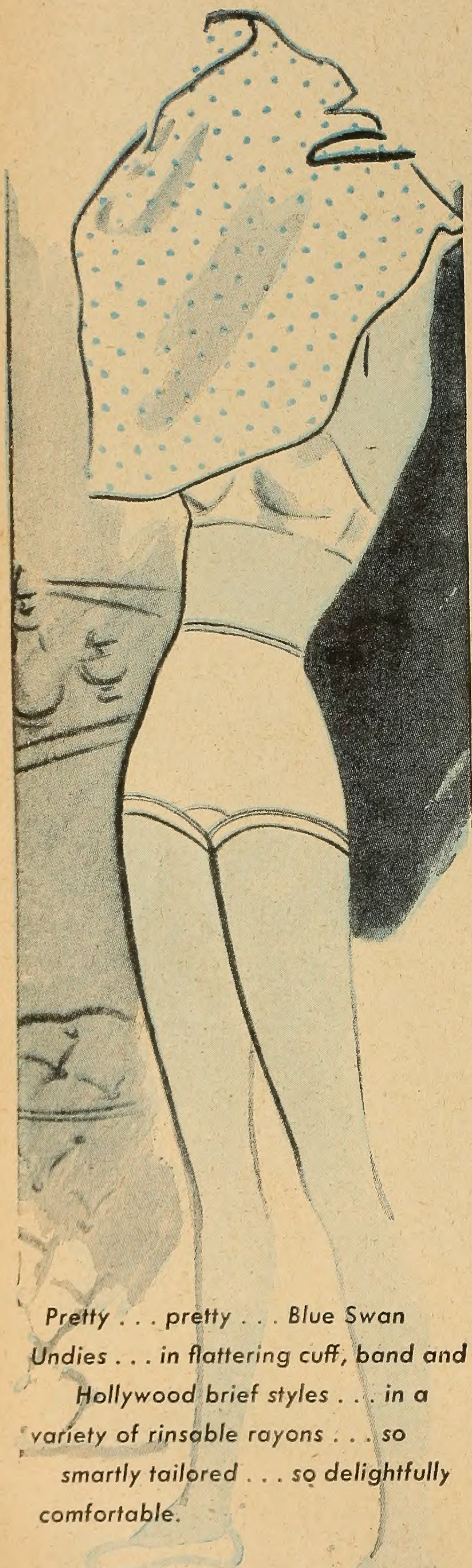
Yes, we were swept away by "Undercurrent". You'll be, too.

—Leo



Blue Swan

UNDIES



Pretty . . . pretty . . . Blue Swan Undies . . . in flattering cuff, band and Hollywood brief styles . . . in a variety of rinsable rayons . . . so smartly tailored . . . so delightfully comfortable.

Be sure to look for the famous Blue Swan label . . . fashion-wise women always do.



BLUE SWAN MILLS, Empire State Bldg., New York
A Division of the McKay Products Corporation

THE front office wasn't exactly pleased at Bette Davis' two-day absence, when Tibbie, her 14-year-old pet Scotty, was killed. Pleased or not, Bette was so broken up she couldn't work. Tibbie's wise and worshipping eyes witnessed many a change in the Davis scheme of things. Bette felt she had lost a good friend. The remains were shipped back to New Hampshire and buried at Bette's beloved "Butternut."

DICK POWELL wouldn't let us read the personal message sent to him by wifey June Allyson the day he started shooting on "Johnny O'Clock." However, he did show us the signature. It was signed, "Junie O'Clock."

WHEN Loretta Young gave a surprise birthday party for hubby Tom Lewis, she didn't count on those new happy-birthday-to-you lyrics, as sung by Bob Hope, Gary Cooper and a few of the other guests. Take our word for it—they were awfully funny but we predict they'll never become popular. Tom's charming out-of-town relatives were there



Lana Turner dimples beneath a variation of the popular long bob. Like it, girls?

for the occasion. What a thrill they got rubbing elbows with Irene Dunne and Claudette Colbert.

Hot from Hollywood

Two happy people take a stroll in the garden of Anne Baxter's home in Beverly Hills. They're Mr. and Mrs. John Hodiak now, facing their future with bright, gleaming smiles.



IT'S TERRIFIC! IT'S TERRIFIC! IT'S TERRIFIC!

HUMPHREY LAUREN
BOGART AND BACALL

THEIR kind
of love-
madness!
THEIR kind
of madly
exciting
screen
smash!

THE PICTURE THEY WERE BORN FOR!

"THE BIG SLEEP"

WITH

NEW WARNER SENSATION!

MARTHA VICKERS · DOROTHY MALONE ·

HOWARD

HAWKS

SCREEN PLAY BY WILLIAM FAULKNER, LEIGH BRACKETT AND JULES FURTHMAN
FROM THE NOVEL BY RAYMOND CHANDLER · MUSIC BY MAX STEINER



PRODUCTION

Calling
ALL BLONDES,
BRUNETTES, REDHEADS



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BLONDES — you'll say "goodbye" to that dull mousy look as Nestle Colorinse adds richer color and lustrous sheen to your hair.

BRUNETTES — dark hair can be drab hair unless it sparkles with dancing highlights. Nestle Colorinse gives your hair these lovely highlights — make it softer and silkier, too.



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NOTE Ask your beautician for an Opelescent Creme Wave by Nestle — originators of permanent waving.

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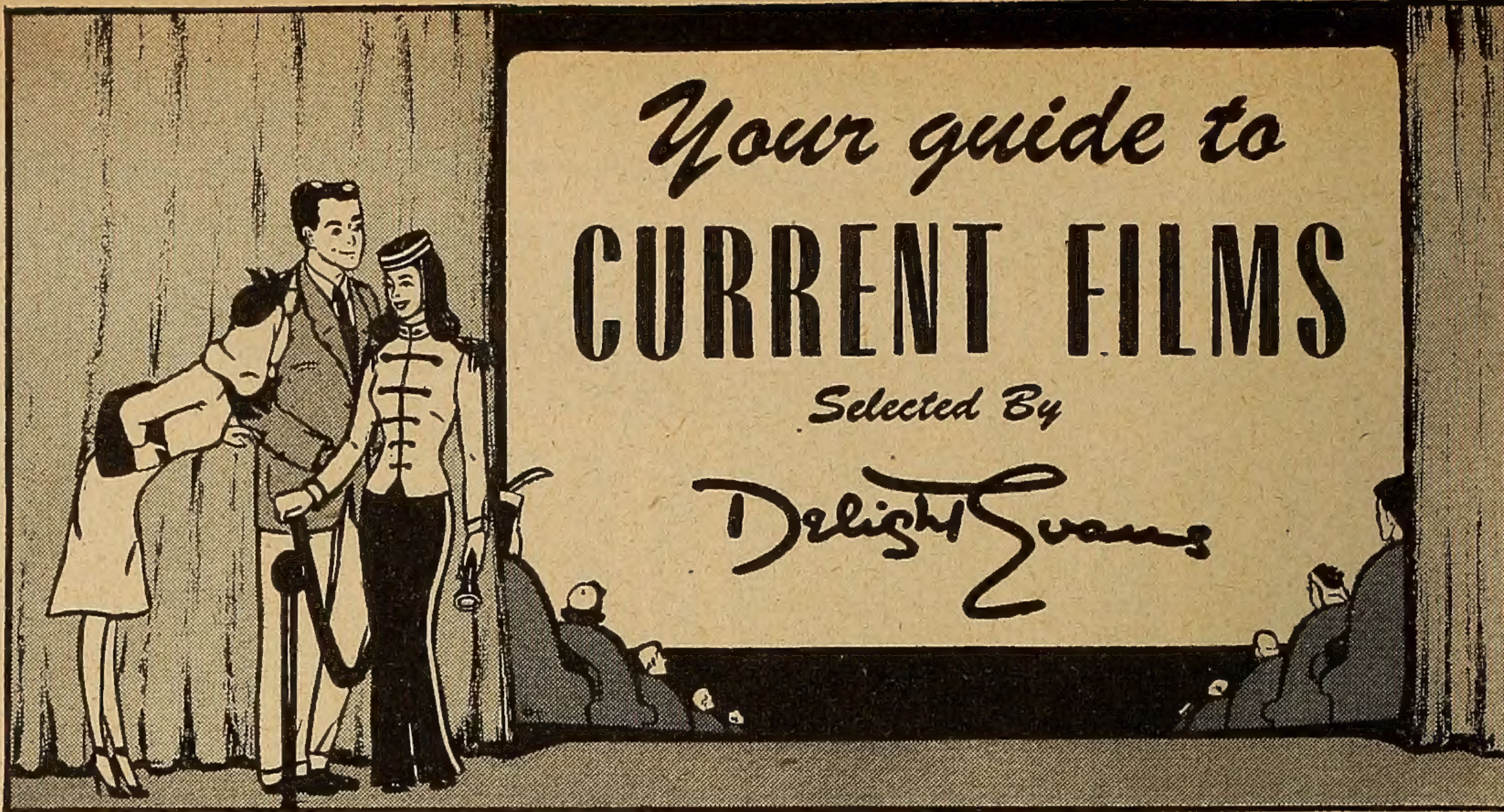


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Your guide to CURRENT FILMS

Selected By

Delight Evans

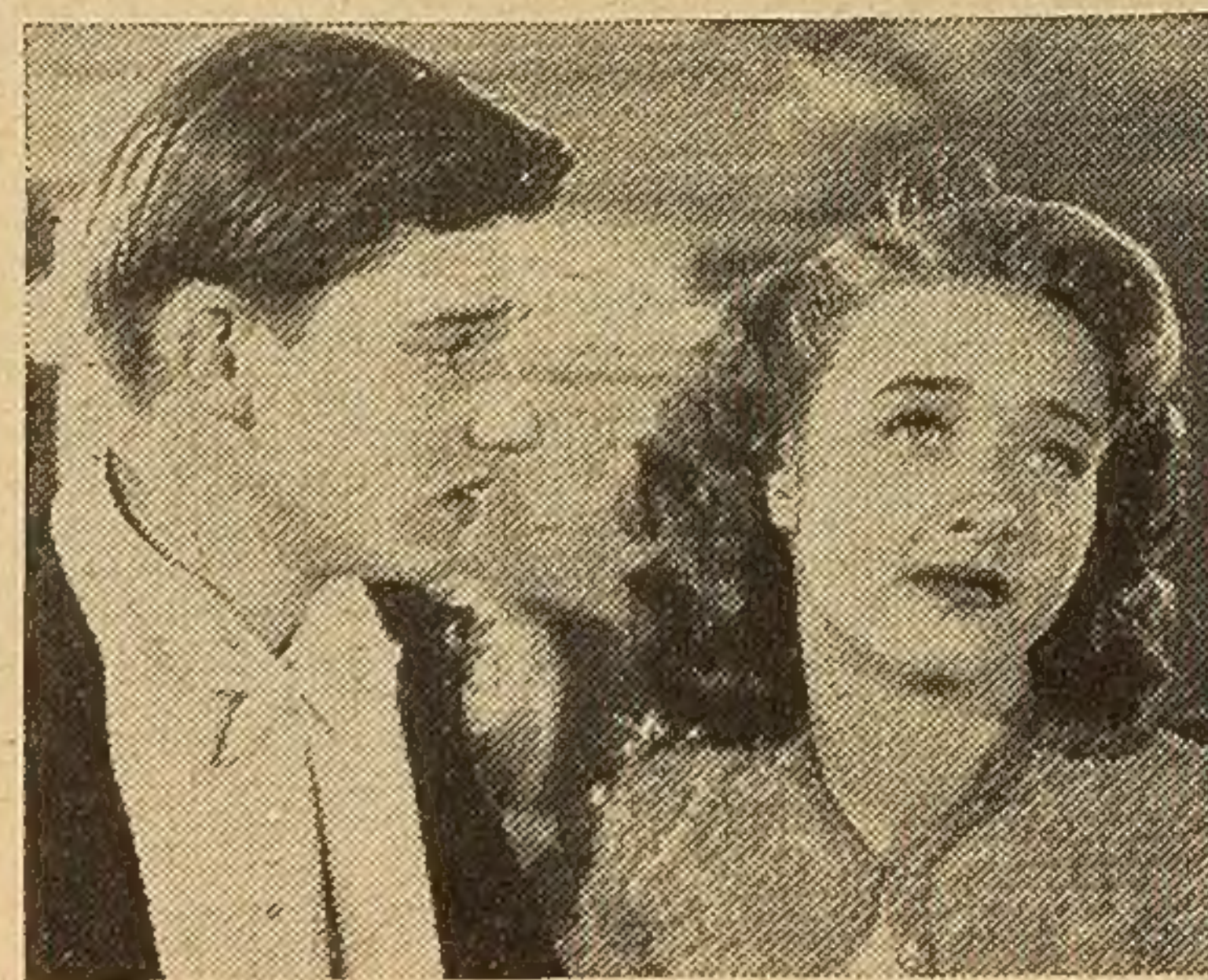


CAESAR AND CLEOPATRA—United Artists release Gabriel Pascal out-DeMilles maestro Cecil B. with this Technicolor film version of George Bernard Shaw's play. Yes, there's even a bathtub scene. Vivien Leigh's childlike Cleopatra may not be all that you've imagined that famous siren of history to be, but she leaves nothing to be desired in the art of turning men's heads. Claude Rains, as Caesar, does a superb job of motivating the plot, irking, chiding and wheedling her into a semblance of good behavior. Stewart Grainger is built for the rôle of the athletic artist, and Flora Robson is fine as the nurse who does the Queen's slaying. Mr. Shaw's dialogue, needless to say, is wonderfully witty.



MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE—Paramount

Booth Tarkington's story about the blundering barber in Louis XV's reign masquerading as the nobleman who marries the Spanish princess to avert war, gives Bob Hope a wealth of material to mold into hilarious gags. Let it be said in their favor that the surrounding cast—Joan Caulfield as *Mimi*, his loved one, scullery maid in Louis' household; Marjorie Reynolds, *Princess Maria*, and her fiancé, Patric Knowles; Reginald Owen and Constance Collier, the French King and Queen; Joseph Schildkraut, the dastardly general who would usurp the Spanish throne—all maintain a serious mien. That, in the face of Bob's antics, is no mean feat.



HOLIDAY IN MEXICO—MGM

For achieving eye-appealing effects in Technicolor and enchanting musical interludes, from classical to boogie-woogie, contributed by Jane Powell, Jose Iturbi, Ilona Massey and Xavier Cugat, producer Joe Pasternak deserves an A-plus. It's a grand story, too, with Walter Pidgeon, as romantic as ever as Jane's father, an ambassador to Mexico. Jane does some of her best work to date with a rôle which calls for resentment and disillusionment when her father falls in love with foreign chanteuse Ilona Massey. You're in for another pleasant surprise when Roddy McDowall gets in his stride as Jane's lovelorn sweetheart, with neatly timed comedy.



CLAUDIA AND DAVID—20th Century-Fox

The further adventures of these charming characters from Rose Franken's stories take Dorothy McGuire and Robert Young through a myriad of pitfalls which might befall any young couple. Here we have *Claudia* as a mother, over-zealous in her maternal instincts when *Bobby* gets the measles, and as *David's* wife, learning about jealousy through the very attractive widow, (Mary Astor) and the tragedy-ridden *Dexters*, (John Sutton and Rose Hobart); and "making friends with pain," when death threatens her husband. Yes, *Claudia* is growing up, but fundamentally she's still the same sincerely whimsical person we met back in 1943.



THE BIG SLEEP—Warners

As complicated a mystery as you'll ever see is herewith deftly, but perhaps not at all times distinctly, untangled. Lauren "The Look" Bacall looks and Humphrey "Cool Customer" Bogart succumbs, which doesn't help his investigation any too much. His first job is to find a missing friend of her father, but that is quickly changed when her wayward sister (Martha Vickers) is found on the scene of a murder, a drunken witness to the crime. Blackmailers and gangsters galore, headed by John Ridgely, Louis Jean Heydt, Elisha Cook, Jr., and Sonia Darrin, try their hands at messing up the mystery, but Bogart winds up with the right answers.

*THIS WOMAN
was made for more
than Romance*

The headlines tell you only
of this famous nurse's
spectacular fight to
bring hope and help
to others... NOW
SEE HER TRUE LIFE
STORY—the tears
she shed, the love
she knew and
the drama of
her great and
daring heart!

IT'S THE SCREEN'S
WARMEST CHAPTER
OF HUMAN EXPERIENCE!

RKO
PROUDLY
PRESENTS

ROSALIND RUSSELL • ALEXANDER KNOX

in
SISTER KENNY

with

DEAN JAGGER • PHILIP MERIVALE
BEULAH BONDI • CHARLES DINGLE



Produced and Directed by DUDLEY NICHOLS • Screenplay by Dudley Nichols, Alexander Knox and Mary McCarthy

SCREENLAND



STOP HESITATING

about social plans
and engagements

Going out to a party is often an ordeal when it comes on one of the "wrong days" of the month. A sheer evening dress cannot be expected to hang gracefully over the bulges and ridges that so often result from a harness of belts, pins and external sanitary pads . . . Why not change to Tampax (worn internally) and avoid such strains and annoyances?

**NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR**

The Tampax method of sanitary protection does wonders for your peace of mind. College students, secretaries, housewives and salesgirls have discovered its many good features. (1) No sanitary deodorant needed. (2) No chafing. (3) Quick changing. (4) Easy disposal. (5) Pure absorbent cotton throughout. (6) When in place, user does not even feel its presence. (7) Patented applicator makes insertion quick and easy. (8) No need to remove the Tampax during tub or shower bath. (9) Invented by a physician.

Buy Tampax at drug stores or notion counters. Three different absorbency-sizes. A month's average supply will slip into your purse. Economy box contains 4 times this quantity. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



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by the Journal of the American Medical Association



HENRY V—Two Cities Film-UA

Laurence Olivier's magnificent presentation of William Shakespeare's play, first acted in 1599, is an auspicious opening for a general meeting of minds between the dyed-in-the-wool theater-goer and the avid cinema fan. In costumes and set designs showing a striking new artistry; in dialogue and in performances it meets the approval of the former, and piques the latter's interest in the great bard's plays. Prologue to the breathtaking pageantry of the Battle of Agincourt provides buffoonery and hilarious comedy in scenes reviewing Henry's justice in making war on the quaking French King Charles VI, and the fop-pish Dauphin. But first, last, and always it's Laurence Olivier's splendid performance which forms the nucleus of interest, with the possible exception of Renee Asherson's Princess Katherine. Her English lesson scenes are tops in whimsy, her love scenes with Henry V, enchanting.



THE COCKEYED MIRACLE—MGM

Chuckles in this tactfully handled comedy are built around a fantastic situation involving two ghosts, Keenan Wynn playing the 36-year-old father of his 63-year-old son, Frank Morgan. It seems that Frank, an invalidated ship-builder with a penchant for precarious investments, dies on the eve of several important events—a business deal is about to pay off; the engagement of his daughter (Audrey Totter), to their star boarder (Richard Quine). The ghosts' management of these messed up matters, mainly by means of Keenan's storm-making powers, provides plenty of amusing incidents.



DOWN MISSOURI WAY—PRC

Mules and movie stars who are stubborn as mules furnish enough conflict in this film to hold your attention. The location troubles which a film company encounters in the mule country will be interesting to many fans who've never watched movies made. For the homespun music lovers, Martha O'Driscoll sings two tunes. William Wright plays a romantic movie producer, while Renee Godfrey plays the jealous star. John Carradine, Eddie Dean, and Mable Todd lend able support.



BLUE SKIES—Paramount

Romantic triangle of the 1920's forms the theme of this nostalgic Technicolor musical featuring a medley of Irving Berlin's favorite songs, with Fred Astaire, as a dancing star; Bing Crosby, as a singing nightclub owner, and Joan Caulfield making it a charming duet with first one and then the other. The story is plotted according to that old, well-known formula usually used in backstage dramas—a clash of temperaments and love flies out the window, only to return in the fadeout, engineered by the faithful, well-wishing friend. But who cares about that with Bing, Fred and Joan to watch and listen to in some super-duper numbers? Olga San Juan, a Latin from Flatbush, N. Y., teams with Bing in an especially colorful and rhythmic "Cuba" number, and shows a nice acting talent, too, in one of those Miss Fixit rôles. Billy DeWolfe's comedy helps immeasurably to make it good entertainment. Tops for Crosby fans.



MR. ACE—United Artists Release

Behind the scenes with opposing political factions is the basis for this drama, produced by Benedict Bogeaus, with Sylvia Sidney as congresswoman running for governor of her state, and George Raft, the power behind the state politicians, who doesn't approve of women pulling the strings. So it's a battle from the very beginning, with Sylvia double-dealing to split his organization and win the nomination, and George Raft doing likewise by collaborating with her husband in his divorce action in the midst of her campaign. But right prevails, each recognizing their faults.



NIGHT TRAIN TO MEMPHIS—Republic

All's fair in this war between a railroad owner and the farmers of a small, hill-billy town on the way to Memphis. First Allan Lane falls in love with the tycoon's daughter, Adele Mara; then he falls out with his family because his brother, Roy Acuff, is working for the railroad company which he believes framed him for a payroll robbery. Therefore, underhanded tricks are in order on both sides, ending up with a free-for-all battle—until the hero backtracks to win the girl.



EVELYN KEYES

ANN MILLER

KEENAN WYNN

ALLYN JOSLYN

TITO GUIZAR

VELOZ AND YOLANDA

ERIC MADRIGUERA
AND HIS ORCHESTRA



Screenplay by Allen Rivkin, Harry Clark and Devery Freeman - Directed by S. SYLVAN SIMON - Produced by SIDNEY SIDDELL



ACCORDING to dermatologists, your shampoo is very important. It should be pure and gentle, containing no harsh cleansing ingredients that may attack the hair follicles and later cause you scalp trouble.

Choose the shampoo that's safe —PACKER'S PINE TAR SHAMPOO or PACKER'S OLIVE OIL SHAMPOO. Year after year, PACKER'S has stood as a *dependable* name in shampoos, the symbol of tried-and-true purity, gentle, thorough cleansing that leaves hair soft and fresh, effectively cleansed with *safe* ingredients.

Make your next shampoo a PACKER'S shampoo...for PURITY, SAFETY and ECONOMY...over 75 years a favorite. On sale at all drug, department and ten-cent stores.



Fans' Forum



Use Your Influence

It is a known fact that the opinions of movie-goers form a valuable handbook in the making of your number one entertainment. Producers, as well as writers, directors, and stars, are eager to lend an ear to what you have to say, in order to gauge the trend of the times. Write your letter to Fans' Forum now. Monthly awards for the best letters published: \$10.00, \$5.00 and five \$1.00 prizes. Closing date is the 25th of the month.

Please address Fans' Forum, SCREENLAND, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

FIRST PRIZE LETTER

\$10.00

There are some people who would have movie producers make only sweet, wholesome pictures and cut out making gangster and sexy productions. I think this would be a very big mistake. You might as well cut out sensational books, do away with night clubs, close race-tracks and board up all the lovers' lanes. To say that a picture like "Dillinger" causes juvenile delinquency is like saying racetracks will create gamblers. Personally, I saw hundreds of gangster pictures from grammar school days on. I'm glad I saw these pictures because they're the finest teacher a boy can have. Why? Who the heck wants to be a gangster and have a short life? The gangsters all die young in pictures and in real life. If they don't, they rot in jail. If a boy can't see the percentage in being a good citizen, well, don't blame the movies. If he wants to be bad, he'll be bad because it's in his blood. Not because the movies glamorize gangsters, because they don't. The movies show what rats gangsters are. They die in the gutter or in the electric chair.

The Westerns are in a sense gangster pictures but nobody seems to say they

cause juvenile delinquency. Yet these pictures have more gun-play, drinking and killing in them than many gangster pictures.

Society pictures bore me and millions more. Put that gangster on the spot. He's got it comin'!

LOUIS JOSEPHSON, Bridgeport, Conn.

SECOND PRIZE WINNER

\$5.00

What are they doing to Betty Grable? That's a pretty large subject in my opinion! I've been an ardent Grable fan for many years now and I feel it my duty to try to rescue her from those powdered wig and hooped skirt rôles. All her pictures run the same way. Let's think back for a minute. She usually starts out a Miss Nobody in show business, lands a job in a night club, meets a fellow, falls hard for him (while they have her playing hard to get and slinging vases). Soon "they" become Mr. and Mrs., while meanwhile she becomes an overnight success as a singing and dancing star! I thought "Pin-Up Girl" was going to break the monotony of the thing. It did come pretty close to it, too!

I really think Betty Grable has dramatic ability that her studio hasn't let her public discover. Does anyone remember "I Wake Up Screaming," back in 1942? And do you remember the blonde that got Victor Mature? Yes, Betty Grable. She packed some fine acting into that murder mystery. She could do it again if she had the chance at some serious rôles for a change.

I realize just one little fan can't change Betty Grable's career, but I'd like to keep trying. Who's with me?

JOAN FAYE VIA, Roanoke, Va.

FIVE PRIZE WINNERS

\$1.00 EACH

Why can't some of the movie producers take a tip from the Bing Crosby-Bob Hope pictures and do justice to the
(Please turn to page 16)



**IT'S
RAFT'S
KIND OF
ACTION...**

Why don't we stop talking...
words weren't made for
a guy like me...or a
woman like you"

Benedict Bogeaus
presents

**GEORGE RAFT
SYLVIA SIDNEY**

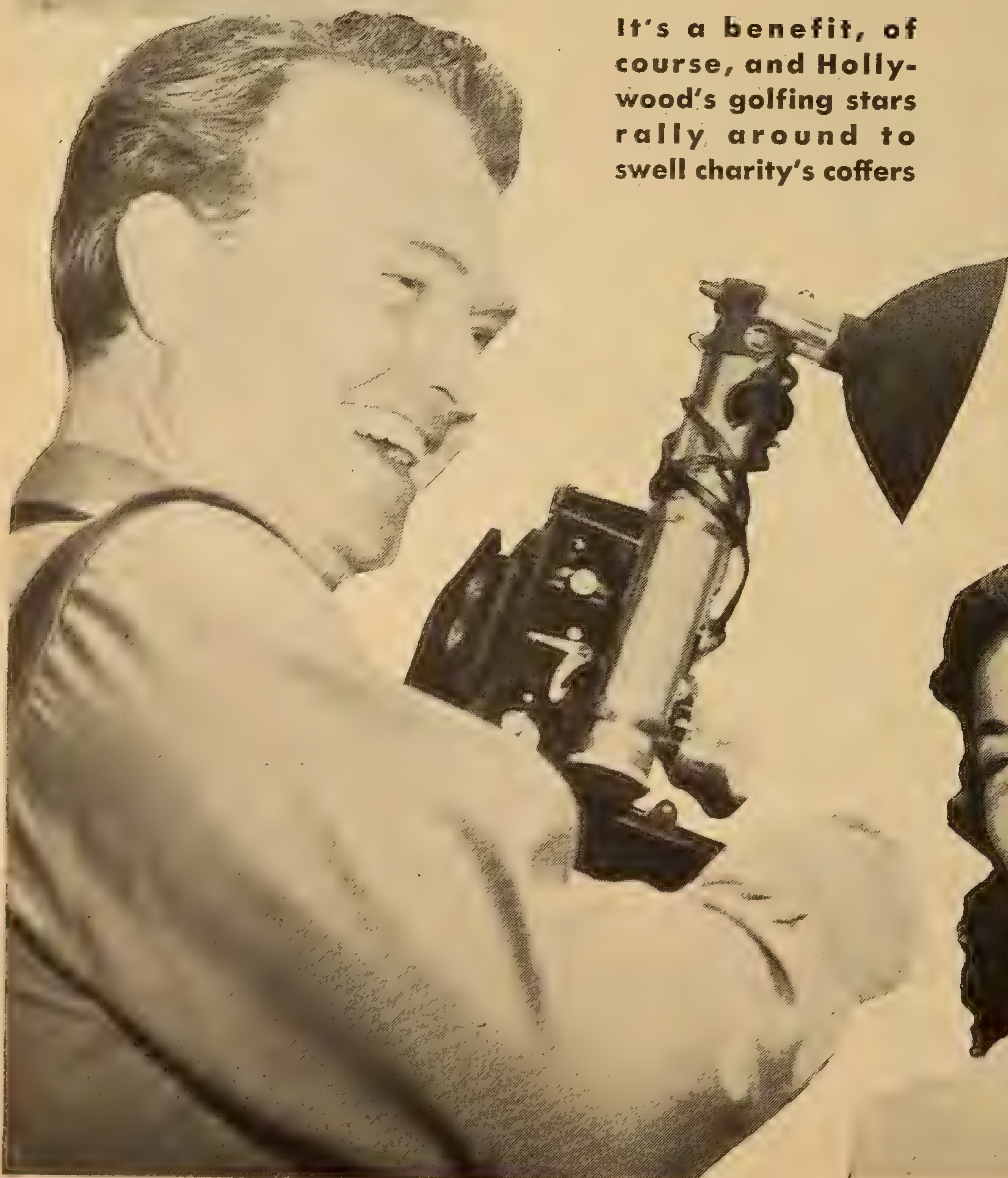
IN
"MR. ACE"

with Stanley Ridges • Sara Haden • Jerome Cowan • Sid Silvers • Alan Edwards
and ROMAN BOHNEN also The Flennoy Trio and Joyce Bryant
Produced by BENEDICT BOGEAUS • Directed by EDWIN L. MARIN
Original story and Screenplay by FRED FINKLEHOFF • RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS



TURN-OUT TOURNAMENT

It's a benefit, of course, and Hollywood's golfing stars rally around to swell charity's coffers



Frank Borzage's second annual Invitational Motion Picture Golf Tournament turns out to be another gala affair watched by 5,000 spectators. Below, Marguerite Chapman watches unofficial photographer Red Skelton juggle a camera. Reading clockwise: contestants Kenny Murray and Mickey Rooney at the tenth hole; Grant Withers, Wayne Morris, John Carroll and Robert Sterling; Jacqueline White keeps score for Jack Carson, Don Ameche and Forrest Tucker; Frank Borzage, the host, and Bob Hope, who presented the trophy, confer; Dick Gibson and Bing Crosby, first to tee off. Proceeds go to AWVS.



**Only her sister could
save her from shame...
at a price no woman
could pay!**

Sister vs. sister . . . sharing
a secret that wouldn't keep!



PRC Pictures, Inc. presents

**Nancy Coleman • Margaret Lindsay
Philip Reed • Felix Bressart**

in

"Her Sister's Secret"

with

Regis Toomey • Henry Stephenson • Fritz Feld • George Meeker
and Winston Severn • Helene Reigh • Frances Williams • Rudolph Anders

A Henry Brash Production Based on the Novel, "Dark Angel" by Gina Kaus

Screenplay by Ann Green • Associate Producer Raoul Pagel

Directed by Edgar G. Ulmer



REAL HAPPINESS NOW

that I've discovered

THIS HIGHER TYPE

Intimate Feminine Hygiene

Easier — Daintier — More Convenient



**Greaseless Suppository Gives
Continuous Medication For Hours
Easy To Carry If Away From Home!**

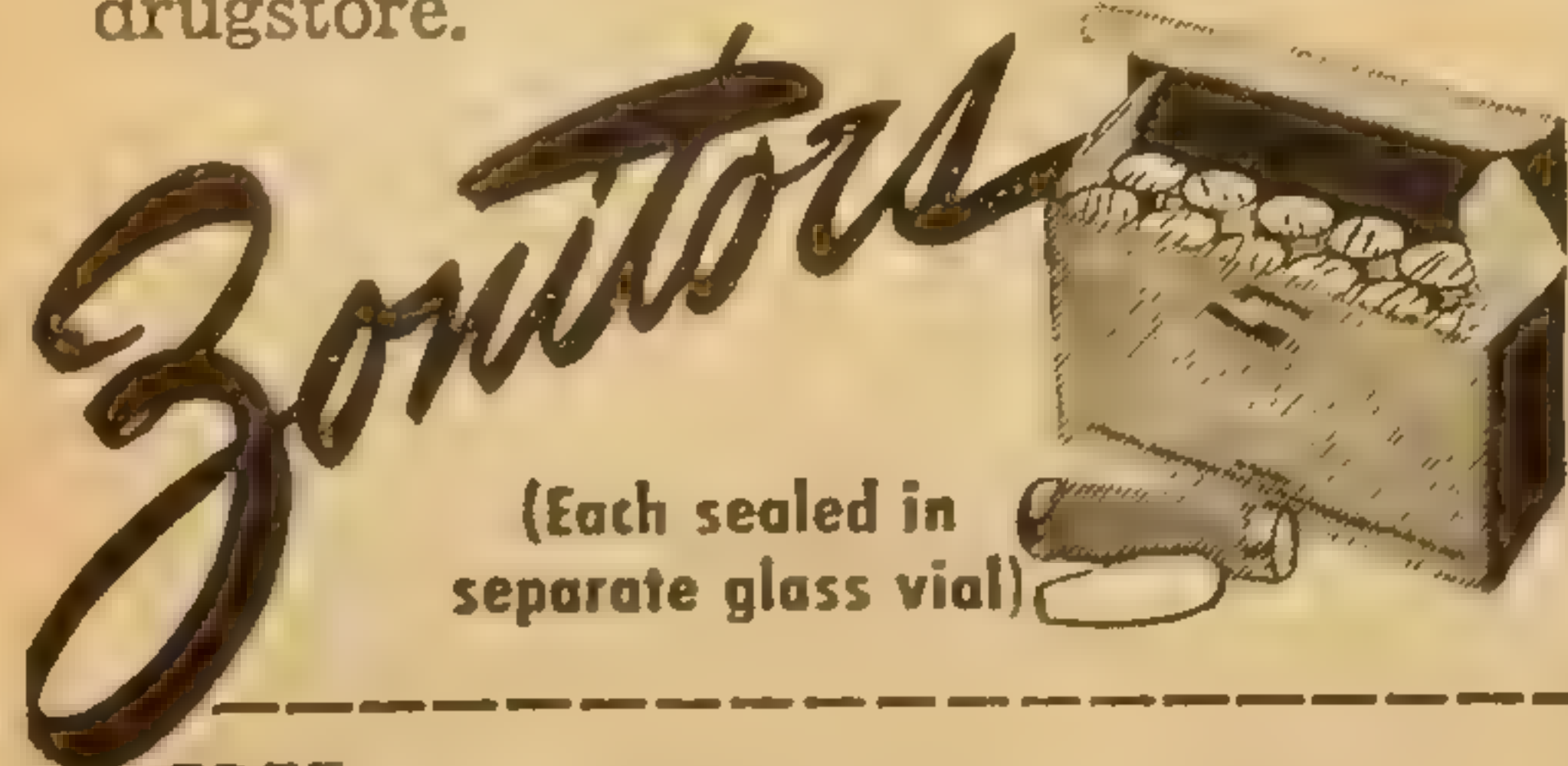
Many a happy marriage has been wrecked by a woman's ignorance, laziness or neglect of intimate feminine cleanliness. And here's why Zonitors are so enthusiastically hailed among highly intelligent and exacting women in this country. Zonitors are so much easier, daintier and more convenient — so *powerful* yet *absolutely safe* to the most delicate tissues.

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Zonitors are greaseless, stainless, snow-white vaginal suppositories. When inserted, they instantly begin to release their powerful germicidal properties and *continue to do so* for hours — assuring you *hours of continuous* medication. Yet they are *SAFE* to most delicate tissues. Positively *non-burning, non-irritating, non-poisonous*.

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(Each sealed in separate glass vial)

FREE: Mail this coupon today for free booklet sent in plain wrapper. Reveals frank intimate facts. Zonitors, Dept. ZS-106, 370 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

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City _____ State _____



Two in a chair! Not since "Now, Voyager" have Bette Davis and Paul Henreid teamed their talents. This is the first exclusive still from "Deception," Warner Brothers' dramatic story about a concert pianist and cellist who become involved in murder.

Fans' Forum

Continued from page 12

grand song numbers that are written for their productions?

Crosby and Hope, to me, put over their songs as they do their comedy—with a minimum of effort and no over-working. Their "Good-Time Charlie" and "Put It There, Pal" numbers in "The Road to Utopia" were the height of interest and good showmanship. One verse, a couple of choruses, and leave them begging for more!

In contrast, take the songs in "The Harvey Girls." A beautiful number like "The Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe" was ruined because it was over-arranged and produced in extravaganza style. The "Dolly Sisters" was hampered because of the way the song numbers were produced. The "Darktown Strutter's Ball" number was butchered, and even producer George Jessel should have known

it should have been sung straight. He's been in show business long enough to know better.

Crosby and Hope make every song sound like potential Hit Parade material. Oh, for the days when the fans will become discriminating in their screen fare again!

HENRY A. MORRIS, Brooklyn, N. Y.

At the moment everyone, young and old alike, is facing the problems of reconversion, the possible depression, and all the hustle and bustle brought on by the securing of peace.

Most peoples' ardent wish is—I quote—"I can hardly wait until everything is just like it was before the war" unquote. I agree with this multitude of wishers in some respects but I definitely do not agree with the Springfield, Ohio, con-

tributor who, it seems, wants the up-and-coming stars of the war years literally kicked out so that the old stars can again reign over their respective studios.

This would be a horrible thing to do; it would wreck most of the newcomers both financially and emotionally. I am anxious to see some of my old favorites on the screen again, but I'm sure there is need for both old and new actors. If there isn't, here's a suggestion to some young man with a head on his shoulders. Establish a company of your own, employing only the new stars. I'm sure in a few years you would become a raving success. Hollywood is really a field for competition, you know.

Remember, Hollywood, that we, the movie-goers of America, are looking forward to seeing pictures with both the old standbys and the newcomers, so please don't shatter our respect for your tolerance by kicking out either bunch.

NINA FORKER, Terry, Mont.

Gable, Johnson, and Sinatra—all rolled into one big package. That's Roddy McDowall. He can act, has a winning smile, and the boy can even sing! Roddy is almost eighteen now but he still plays the part of a ten-year-old with a horse or a dog for a leading lady. How about giving him a chance to prove his versatility, Hollywood? Let him show you what he can do and star him in a romantic comedy with someone like



G. I.s in Oberursat, Germany, put out the welcome mat for Paulette Goddard, when she combined a business trip to London, a shopping trip to Paris, and an entertainment tour of European theater—at her own expense and for the boys' pleasure.



Some things you just can't mask, Pigeon!

CUTE COSTUME, slave girl. And you go so well inside it.

But what good is your masquerade if underarm odor gives you away? Don't ever take chances with your charm. Put your trust in Mum.

Tonight's bath was fine . . . for washing

away past perspiration. But to *stay* sweet and nice to be near . . . to guard against the risk of *future* underarm odor . . . play safe—use Mum!

→ better because it's Safe

Mum

1. Safe for skin. No irritating crystals. Snow-white Mum is gentle, harmless to skin.

2. Safe for clothes. No harsh ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics.

3. Safe for charm. Mum gives sure protection against underarm odor all day or evening.

Mum is economical, too. Doesn't dry out in the jar—stays smooth and creamy. Quick, easy to use—even after you're dressed. Get Mum today!

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable . . . ideal for this use, too.



Product of Bristol-Myers

GIRLS! Want quick curls?



EYES light on lovely hair and linger there when it shines in all its natural beauty. Your hair will be soft, sparkling, and lustrous when you do it at home with new different Wildroot Hair Set that replaces old-fashioned thick gummy wave sets. Does all they do and more! Light bodied, faster drying. It contains processed LANOLIN, leaves your hair soft, natural, and at its lovely best. Style your own distinctive hair-do quickly, without fuss or disappointment! And watch those admiring glances! Ask for New Wildroot Hair Set at your toilet goods counter today!



NEW WILDROOT HAIR SET

Almost Magical Relief For Aching, Hot, Tired Feet

Don't drag along, suffering the torment of sore, aching, tired, fiery, sweaty feet, due to exertion. Rub your feet with Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm. Its soothing effect will amaze you. Your feet will feel so refreshed, rested and gladdened, you'll marvel at its immediate effect. Start using Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm today. Costs but a trifle. At all Drug, Shoe, Dept. Stores and Toiletry Counters.



Diana Lynn and yours truly will be one happy little girl.

BARBARA SPINELLI, Montclair, N. J.

Editor's note: Hollywood has already answered part of your plea—Roddy has several love scenes with Jane Powell in "Holiday in Mexico." So don't miss it!

I have just seen the much-raved-about production of "The Outlaw" and I agree that it is the most surprising picture of the year. However, I disagree with the publicity of the film altogether. In every theater where the film was shown and in every advertisement Jane Russell was given star billing. Now Miss Russell probably has a fine acting quality, but she was given no opportunity to display it in the picture. It is true that she was introduced on the screen in this production, but what about Jack Beutel? He also made his first screen appearance and certainly gave a wonderful performance, to say nothing of the great performance handed out by Walter Huston.

Because the film was closed by the censors when it first opened in San Francisco a few years ago, and because it has been shown in only a few cities in the country, many people have not yet seen Jack Beutel on the screen, nor have they witnessed his fine acting ability. Since Alan Ladd tried out for the rôle of *Billy the Kid* and lost to Jack, he must be good!

During the years that have passed since the filming of "The Outlaw," Jack served in the U. S. Navy. Now that he is back in Hollywood he seems forgotten. Is that fair? It has been said that he did not "click with the public," but how could he when his film has been shown in only a few cities? In every

place where it was shown he made a tremendous success!

I appeal to producers to "wake up" and notice the talent of this handsome new star. And here's hoping we see him in many new pictures in the future!

SHIRLEY TIMLIN, New Orleans, La.

They say that Hollywood is always looking for new talent. Well, why don't they put to good use the talent that's right under their noses? I am referring in particular to Richard Conte.

Where can they hope to find anyone with more good looks, personality and acting ability than Richard Conte? Yet he is constantly being cast in insignificant rôles in pictures.

His only chance at a really good part was the half-comic, half-dramatic *Rivera* in "A Walk in the Sun."

I should think Hollywood would jump at the chance to cast this really fine actor in a picture worthy of his ability.

This is also true of George Tyne and John Ireland who had perfect parts in the same picture, also major rôles. Why haven't they been cast in other good pictures?

I'm sure there are many others that echo my sentiment.

JANE GOLDINER, Brooklyn, N. Y.

HONORABLE MENTION

As the popularity of the screen and radio mystery play increases, so do the critical faculties of its fans become sharper edged. Flimsy suspense and illogical plots can no longer get by if the demand for this type of story is to continue. Yet how few, even among the so-called "best," are free of inexcusable



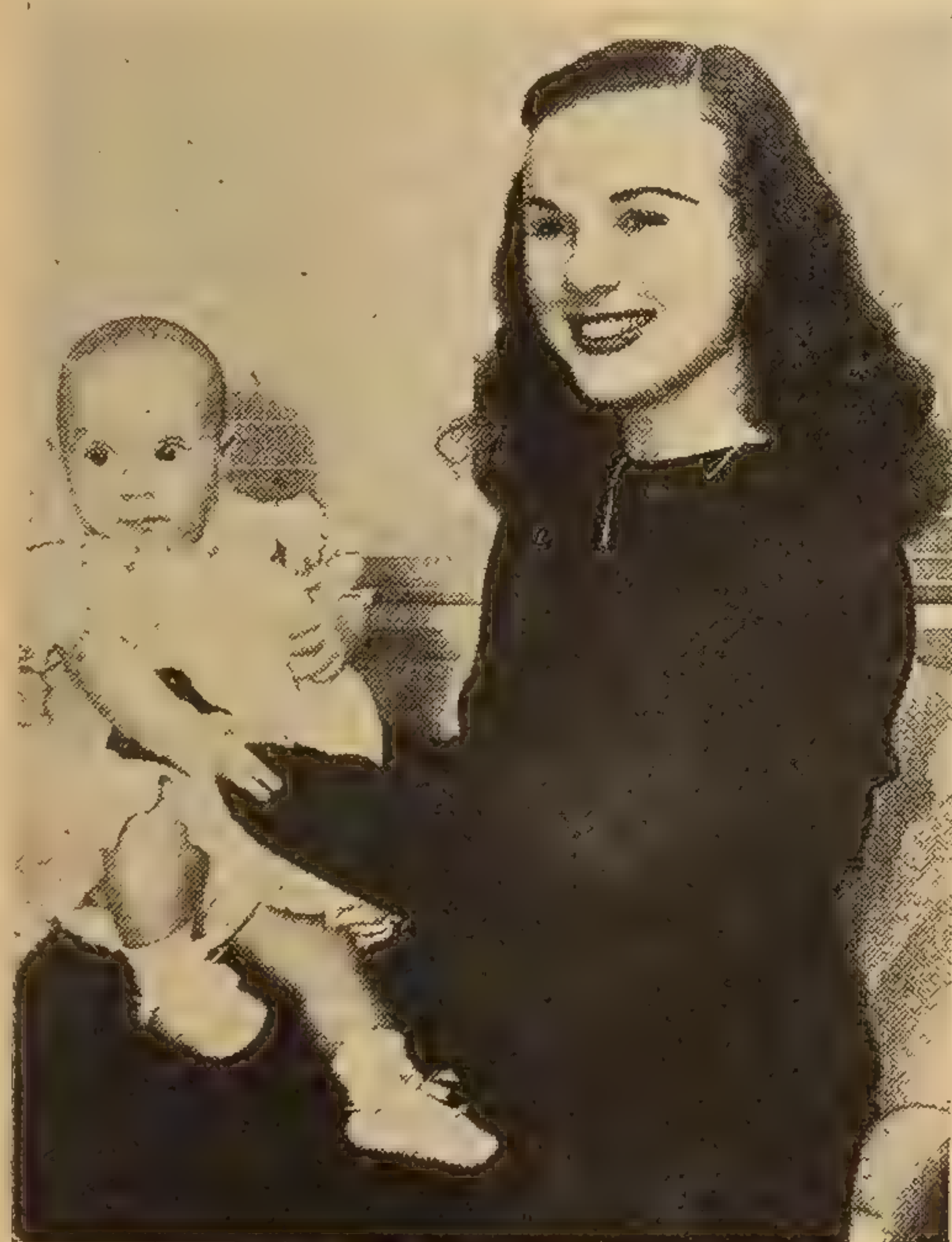
Gale Storm's young son, Phillip Bonnell, finds his new baby brother most interesting. Papa Lee Bonnell looks on approvingly.

flaws. For example, "The Spiral Staircase." Excellent acting, but, to me, disappointing on three counts.

One: The closeup of the killer's eyes can too readily be recognized as George Brent's. No other eye in the cast is so round and full. Omit the closeup and his villainy could have been a secret until the end.

Two: Repeatedly, we see Ethel Barrymore in her nightie, a bed-ridden invalid. Since it is possible, under great stress, for helpless invalids to draw upon reserve energy and perform seeming miracles, it is no tax on credulity that she reaches the stairway to shoot Brent. But that she should have first squeezed into a tight-sleeved house-coat when the loss of a split second might mean death for Dorothy McGuire, seems a bit ludicrous.

Three: The whole plot revolves around Brent's homicidal obsession: "There is no room in the world for imperfection." Why then does he permit his step-mother to live? Surely her chronic illness is a more pronounced deviation from "perfection" than Dorothy's temporary loss of voice. Yet over



Deanna Durbin dresses her wide-eyed little daughter, Jessica Louise Jackson, in her best bib and tucker for her first picture.

a period of years he takes care of her, apparently without the slightest urge to do away with her.

Let us have more and better mysteries, free of such glaring inconsistencies as these.

HELEN MACK, San Francisco, Cal.

I was reading an article on visual education through movies that some of our children in large city schools have an opportunity of seeing. What a pleasant way to learn history, geography, etc. It occurred to me what a wonderful thing it would be if all our school-age children had the same opportunity.

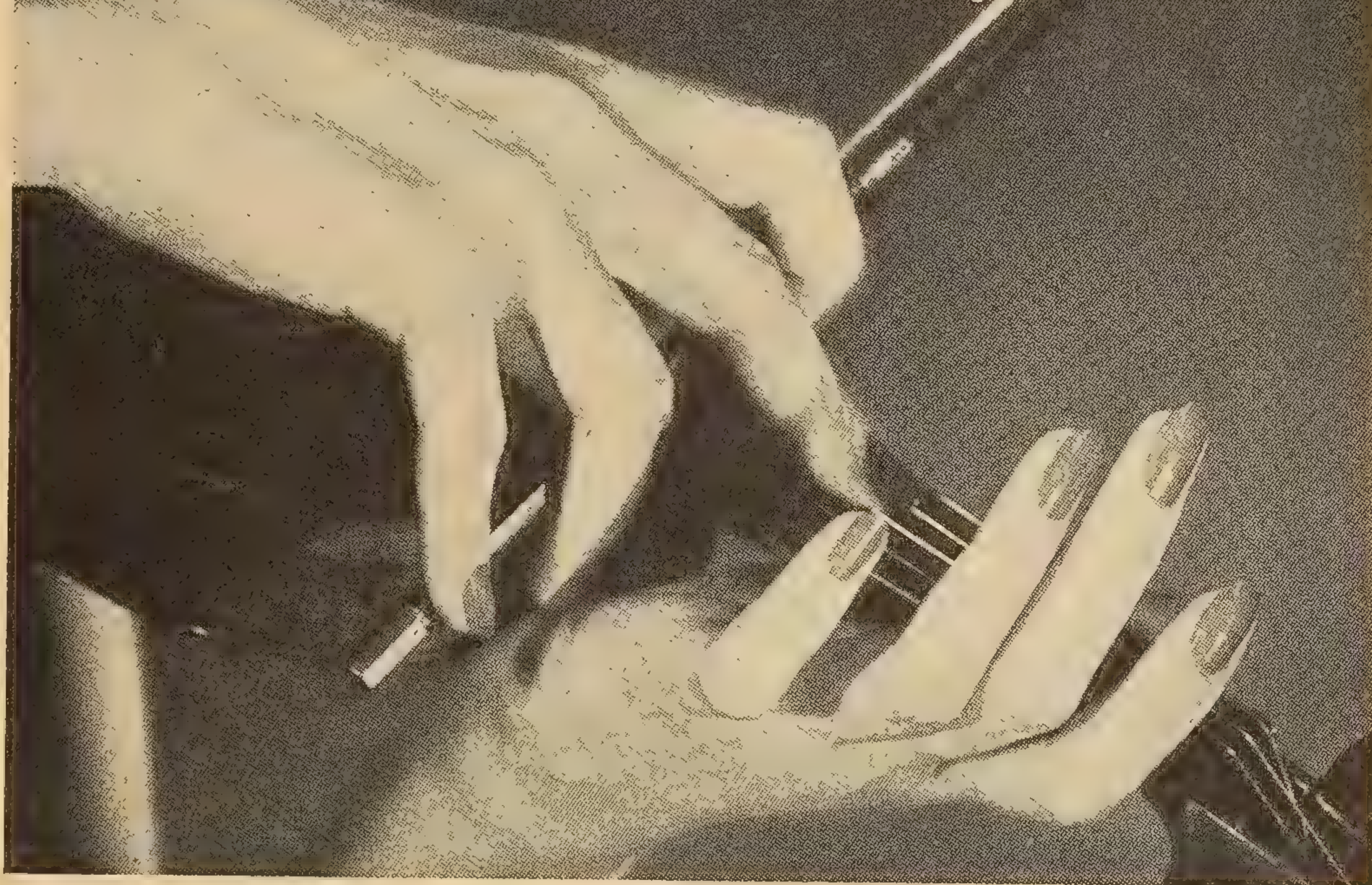
How about a central agency which would release educational films to the small theaters whose schools aren't equipped to do this work? After all, more of us live in small towns than in large cities.

Movies "just for children" would certainly be appreciated by parents. Our offspring would be getting part of their education painlessly while being entertained.

HELEN R. HORNE, Haddon Heights, N. J.

(Please turn to page 22)

"Soft as a star-sung serenade,
her *White Hands*
weave the melody"



Wring a mop and still have
white hands? Yes, it's possible!

Of course, housework is hard on your hands... but that's no reason for having unattractive red hands! Try Pacquins... this fluffy-light fragrant cream brings a look of fresh beauty to rough hands. They'll seem whiter, softer, smoother... Mm-mm—so sweet to hold!



Doctors and Nurses use
this extra-rich cream!

Pacquins was originally formulated for Doctors and Nurses. They have to scrub their hands 30 to 40 times a day. To keep hands soft and smooth... they need a cream that's super-rich in skin-softening ingredients. And that's just what Pacquins is! Use Pacquins yourself... See if your hands don't look soft and lovely!



Creamy-smooth... not sticky, not greasy. More hands use Pacquins than any other hand cream in the world.

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SCREENLAND



Foundation comes first. Spread favorite makeup base all over face and throat.



Dust powder on generously. After this, brush away any excess you see; with much care.



A lip brush is the best way to apply lipstick. This makes your "lips" last much longer.

HOW TO BE AS GLAMOROUS AS A STAR



Bonny and lovely as her name, here is Bonita Granville, who is now appearing in Tom Breneman's "Breakfast in Hollywood" for United Artists.



Now mascara. Brush up with a not-too-wet brush. Add extra touch to outer corner lashes.

New makeup for a gay

new season gives you

just the right sparkle

MAKEUP, new and gay and dashing, is the magic that gives an extra little brightness to your lips, your cheeks and eyes; that gives you glamor. "And," says Bonita Granville, "if you have makeup know-how you needn't spend a long time each day at it."

"Of course," she goes on, "screen makeup is another matter. A much more expert matter. It involves the camera's searching eye. But, just among us girls, and don't tell the boys how we do it, the makeup that gives you fresh, clear loveliness, is basically a pretty simple matter."

We asked her to explain and here in substance is what she told us. Bonita never powders directly onto her skin and advises you not to, no matter whether you have a dry or an oily complexion. Instead, use either one of the popular cake makeups which gives your skin that quick velvety texture, draws attention away from any tiny lines or blemishes; or else spread a light foundation cream evenly all over face and throat.

Over your foundation blend your rouge with care. Never use very much, just enough to accent your natural color. If you want your face to look shorter

apply the rouge in a horizontal fashion across the cheeks. If you want to lengthen a too-broad face, dot and blend the rouge in a more vertical fashion up the cheeks.

Now you are ready to dust on powder. Be generous here. Pat on a plentiful amount and brush away any excess with a soft tissue, or a facial brush. Be sure to match the shade of your face powder with the changing color of your skin. If you were tan this summer, the chances are your skin is now fading rapidly back to its natural pink or pale tone. A powder you have used this summer would make your skin look splotchy, for it is darker than you need. So find that lighter shade that is yours. Don't waste powder. These days any waste is wicked; so put the dark powder box away to be used again next summer.

Before you apply your lipstick, blend a little of the foundation cream around your mouth. Smooth it in particularly well if there are any little lines, for it will help make these invisible. Now on perfectly dry lips outline the shape of your mouth. Fill it in with a lip brush and allow the color to set for a few minutes while you make up your eyes, or brush your hair.

Bonita tells us that she finds her lipstick will stay on longer if, after the color has set a little, she dusts just the slightest suspicion of powder over her lips, and then blots them with tissue. A second application of color with the lip brush, after having done this, keeps color smooth and even for hours.

In eye makeup for daytime she is conservative. She feels that anything that is at all harsh about the eyes is most unlovely. But she brushes on mascara so lightly and cleverly you'd never know she used any at all. And she has a trick for it that is well worth knowing: after applying her mascara in the usual way brushing gently up and out, she allows it almost to dry, then brushes with a dry brush to separate the lashes. Then comes the clever little trick. She applies a second coat of mascara to the lashes at the outer corners of her eyes. This is one of the secrets of that intriguing "big-eyed look."

Her brows are natural and just the right color for her skin, so she very properly leaves them alone. But if yours need darkening she suggests you use an eyebrow pencil in light feather strokes to the hair of the brows. She says it is important to go over your brows with one of your finger tips to smooth and blend the pencil perfectly. Never apply pencil directly to your skin unless your brows are extremely sparse and have blank spaces.

"If you follow the rules and do all this carefully," says Bonita, "there is no reason why the glamor that is associated so often with the stars, may not be yours."

"It doesn't end with facial makeup however," she adds. "Your hair must be brushed and shining, becomingly arranged; and you should have smooth, colorful finger tips matched to your lipstick. Then, there you are with glamor!"

All good, sound beauty advice, we thought, and hasten to pass it on to you.



Beauty and "The Beard": Mary Martin and Monty Woolley participate in festivities at The Yale Club where Warners' "Night and Day" was previewed for Yale alumni.



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Never a Ring so Cherished*

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- Its soft, cream consistency stays that way indefinitely. Never gets stiff or grainy.
- Contains no chemicals to spoil clothing.
- Tubes or jars, 10¢, 30¢, 60¢.
- Yes, Yodora is a gentle deodorant. Try it—feel the wonderful difference!



McKesson & Robbins, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.

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"NO ONE TO CRY TO"
featuring
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Hubba! Hubba! Do you know who that's for? That's for Billy Conn. How about putting him in the movies? You made stars of Van Johnson, Guy Madison, Peter Lawford, and Bob Walker, so why not Billy? He's a big, smiling Irishman a lot of teen-agers like. Billy certainly has a better build than a lot of Hollywood stars. Is it just because he's a fighter, Hollywood doesn't give him a contract? Think it over, movie producers!

JEANNE THOMAN, South Bend, Ind.

I've just come from Bette Davis' latest picture "A Stolen Life," which is, as usual, a vehicle proving her great acting ability. But why was it necessary to clutter up the picture with innumerable scenes of a taxi pulling up to her various residences?

It seems that all this taxi-stopping and depositing of La Davis at her doorstep was quite unnecessary to an other-

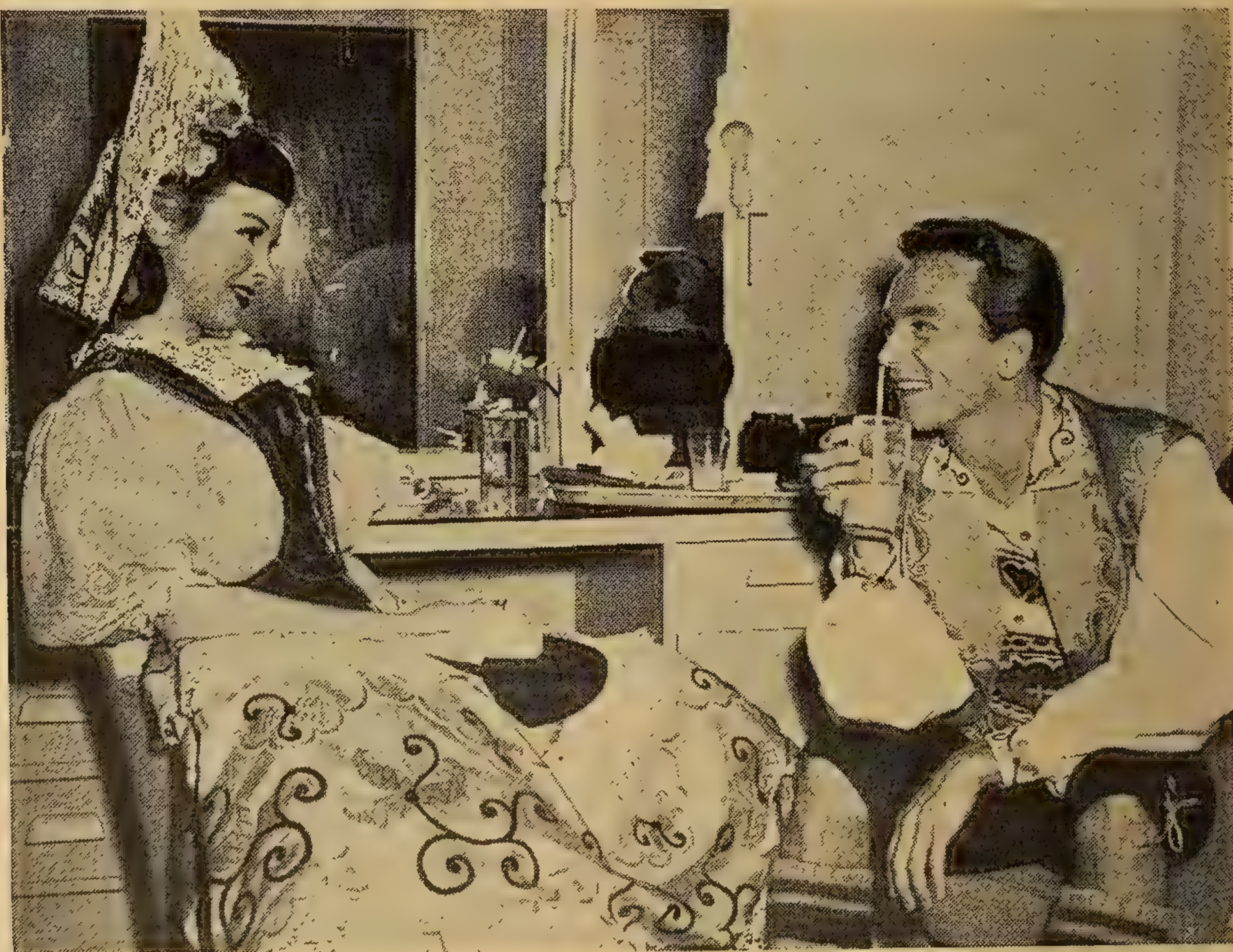
real life and resorts to the well-known story-book effect. Would an alcoholic such as the one portrayed by Ray Milland actually quit drinking and reform just through the influence of a loved one? Hardly. We know that these desperate men are not cured that way.

The original novel had a much different ending. A tragic one. But Hollywood would not have had to adapt this either. In my opinion, the producers should have used a final act that helped solve the problem and yet remained plausible—a climax in keeping with the genuineness of the rest of this classic motion picture.

CHARLES RIDPATH, Philadelphia, Pa.

I've been an ardent movie fan for almost all of my seventeen years. I couldn't say what I would do if there were no movies.

I have ambitions and dreams of seeing my favorites together in one film! But one is at MGM, and the other is at 20th Cen-



Tea for two—with variations: Kathryn Grayson and Johnnie Johnson, in Swiss costumes for Alpine number in "Till the Clouds Roll By," enjoy a "pick-me-up" between scenes.

wise stimulating picture. It would be interesting to know just how much money could have been saved by deleting such superfluous details from the story.

This is not the first picture, however, which has suffered from the taxi business. Why doesn't some intelligent screen writer dream up a new angle for "getting it across" to the fans that the star has arrived at his or her screen destination.

LT. JAMES T. BEDSOLE, JR., Dallas, Tex.

Although I agree that "The Lost Weekend" is sensational, I think one thing has been overlooked in the unending discussion of this picture. The vivid phrases which are used to describe it—daring, raw, tragically realistic—are accurate up to a point, but to me there still remains a factor that doesn't ring true.

I am speaking of the climax. It is here that the picture turns away from

tury-Fox. I'm speaking of a movie with Lana Turner and Cornel Wilde appearing together. In my opinion, it would be the greatest picture of all time, with Lana being so beautiful, and Cornel so handsome. I can't help feeling it would be a success. And if it were in color—wow! Lana is blonde and feminine and Cornel is dark and masculine. What a pair! Yes—Lana Turner and Cornel Wilde would be the perfect movie couple!

WILLIAM PAQUETTE, Duluth, Minn.

A few days ago I saw the movie "The Dark Corner." Little did I know that it would give me someone new to sigh over. Yes, I really think that Mark Stevens will be a second Van Johnson and will be as popular with the bobby-soxers. Here is a new sensation and I am making a solemn oath to see all his pictures.

ANITA H. MELTZER, Bronx, N. Y.

"A young Garbo, yet more three-dimensional and real than Garbo ever was," I said to myself as I left my local movie house.

The marquee read, "The Seventh Veil." Although an English actress, and therefore a different and slightly foreign (to us) interpretation of a sensitive hurt mind, fine acting again proves its universal appeal. No rigid, inflexible, "old-school" English movie, this, but a truly human drama, and Ann Todd is the spark that keeps the flame glowing throughout an absorbing psychological drama with a unique twist.

Her naturalness in portraying a strictly-reared child, with the undaunted irrepressible bravery of youth, who develops into a tense, unhappy, bewildered young woman whose sole refuge is in music, is magnificent. Her performance, beginning with the appealing adolescent to the anguished woman from whose shocked brain the cobwebs are finally swept away is so veracious that one forgets he is seeing flat shadows moving on a screen, and instead visualizes flesh and blood.

To me, that is the test of a genuine actress and of a faithful performance.

ROSE LEION, Miami, Fla.

Hey! What happened? Remember the picture "Roughly Speaking" with Rosalind Russell and Jack Carson? I thought they were sure to co-star in another picture soon. I think they're swell together and hope to see more of them, although I haven't read or heard anything about a new picture. Here's hoping there will be one soon. How about it?

JEAN HILL, Triadelphia, W. Va.

Frankly, I am still a bit dazed over having seen "The Spiral Staircase" this afternoon. It wasn't just the spine-tingling suspense of the whole picture, but it was the simple and gentle understanding brought out in the role of *Dr. Parry*, which shone through the tense atmosphere of the story. I have followed Kent Smith's progress off and on, and have always been pleased with his parts. However, I believe his *Dr. Parry* is a stepping stone to the great success he deserves.

He symbolizes the wise, easy-going gentleman every girl appreciates down deep in her heart. At least, we should have one movie hero to typify such a tactful, but appealing male. I think that we should have more really warm, American movies about simple people and "whole families." American epics also deepen our appreciation for our own standards.

And as a salute to fine achievement, I say hats off and best of luck to our friend, Kent Smith!

MARIE BOYDSTON, Little Rock, Ark.



Here she is again, with Tony Martin pouring a cup of refreshment after "Show Boat" number in MGM's Technicolor musical.

WHAT SUFFERING DO A

Society Girl and Scrub Woman

HAVE IN COMMON?



A daughter of the rich—reared in the lap of luxury—a product of the best finishing schools or colleges. Who would think this lovely creature had a care in the world!

A little slavey—just a drudge from childhood—an object of pity to the passerby.

Yet there is a common ground of suffering where these two types of women often meet. Because many girls—whether rich or poor—by their *very physical nature* are apt to suffer distressing symptoms on 'certain days' of the month.

This is something you shouldn't joke about

In case female functional monthly disturbances cause you—at such times—to suffer from cramps, headache, backache, nervous distress, and weak, tired out, restless feelings—so cranky no one wants to be near you—*this is nothing to joke about!*

Start right away—try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to relieve such symptoms. Pinkham's Compound DOES MORE than just relieve such monthly pain. It ALSO relieves accompanying nervous, restless, highstrung feelings—when due to this cause. Taken regularly—this great medicine helps build up resistance against such distress—something any sensible woman should certainly want to do!

For over 70 years Pinkham's Compound has been helping thou-



sands upon thousands of girls and women in this way. Time has *proved* it one of the most effective medicines for this purpose. Just see if you, too, don't remarkably benefit!

"I keep going
and comfortable, too
with Midol!"



"Sensible girl,"
you say? "And
practical, too,"
we add! For here
is another woman who has discov-
ered that Midol sees her through
the menstrual period physically
and mentally carefree.

Midol tablets are offered *espe-
cially* to relieve functional periodic
pain. They contain no opiates, yet
act quickly in three ways:

*Ease Cramps—Soothe Headache—
Stimulate mildly when you're "Blue."*

Get Midol. Take it the first sign
of "regular" pain. See how com-
fortably you go through those
trying days. Ask for Midol at
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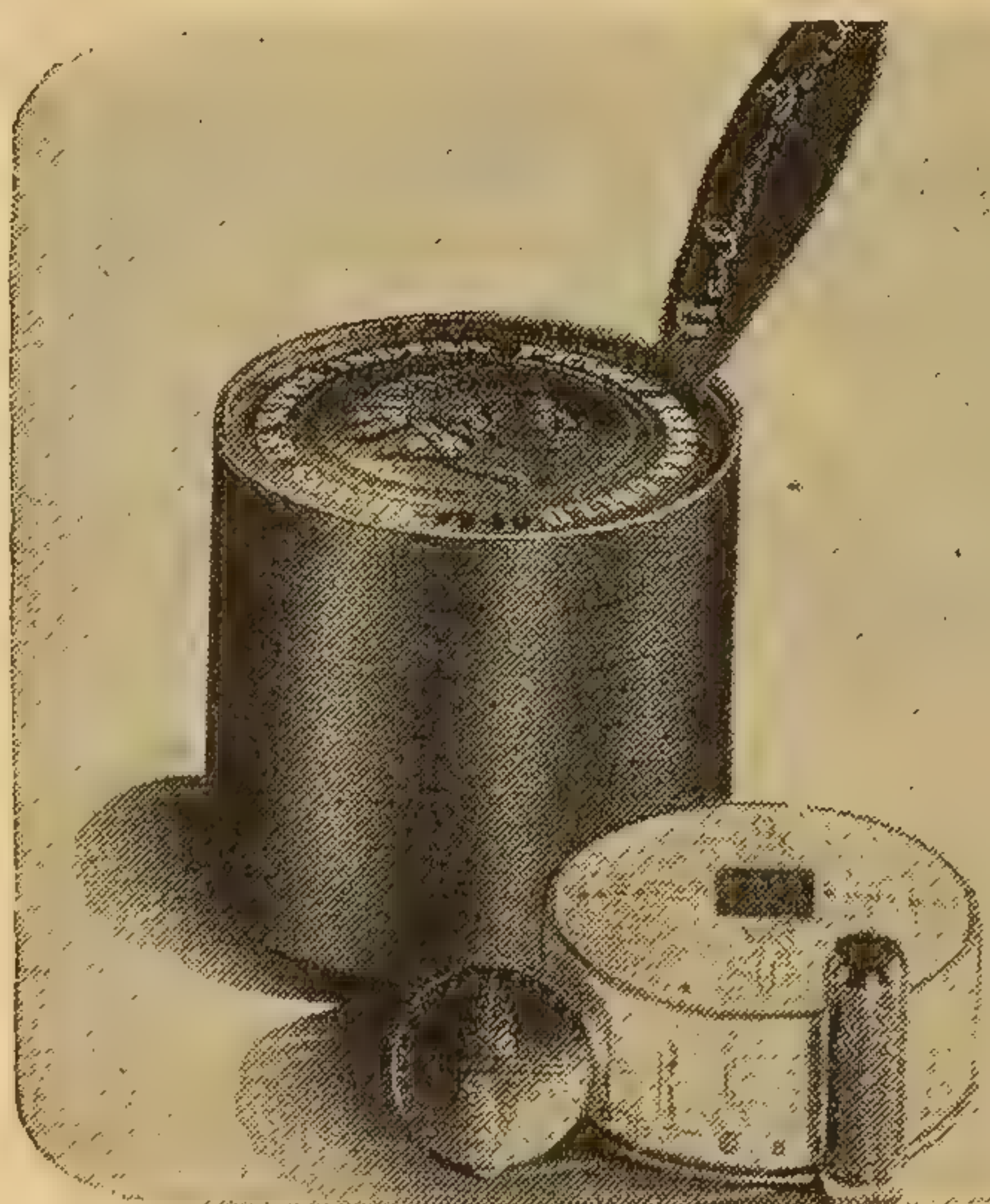
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GUIDE TO GLAMOR

October beauty is bright and colorful,
so take the glamor tips of the season



We nominate for fame Constance Bennett's
Beauty Bar Compact! A smart, smooth job.



Barbara Gould presents Indian Penny, her
wonderful American makeup shade for fall.



Pond's Make-up Pat gives great value in a
velvety smooth foundation. In six shades.

EVEN in bright October weather
sometimes your mood turns indigo.
This is the time to bring out your
gayest dress, your perkier hat and to
wear your smart, up-to-the-minute cos-
metics. Right now the cosmetic market
is bursting with good things to help you
look your most beautiful, cheerful self.

For instance, there is the Constance
Bennett Beauty Bar compact—a lift to
any girl's spirits. This featherweight,
palm-fitting plastic case with mirror in
the lid contains matched cosmetics in-
cluding a special lipstick you can work
with one hand. Connie calls it her "flip-
stick" and it really is a pet. Besides this
there is foundation cream, powder, eye
shadow and rouge. There are several
colors from which to choose in the case,
even several color combinations.

Right in the tradition of American
beauty we find Barbara Gould's Indian
Penny, a gorgeous new color makeup
harmony. You may have face powder,
lipstick, cream rouge (or dry) and nail
polish, individually in the new color. But
in a shining copper kit, powder, lipstick

and rouge come all together, called the
Penny Packet. The Indian Penny itself
has almost disappeared from circulation
but we predict a fashion future for its
namesake.

The Junior Miss of every family has her
own cosmetic problems. One of them is
pleasantly met by a Powder Base and Com-
plexion Beautifier made especially for her
and called by the businesslike name of
Formula 301. This preparation both helps
protect the skin and makes less apparent
any small blemishes a young complexion
may have. It holds powder cleverly without
any of that makeup look that is unattrac-
tive at any age. Young girls like Formula
301. They like using it at night, too, to help
beautify their complexions while they sleep.

There is, too, a fabulous new nail
protector called appropriately, Beauty-
Tips. They are little shields which pre-
vent broken or split nails, absorb knocks
and bruises and stop unsightly chipping
or peeling of polish. They look natural
enough on your fingertips to confuse
your most severe critic and, we are told,
last indefinitely.

"Oh, she's a Blonde and can get away with it!"



MAYBE a blonde *can* get away with it for a little while . . . but a brunette—never! Those telltale flakes and scales show up all too plainly and people begin whispering "infectious dandruff" and draw away.

Look Out, Lady!

If you have the slightest evidence of infectious dandruff—flakes, scales, or itching—better start at once with the delightful treatment that has helped so many . . . Listerine Antiseptic and massage. Make it a part of your regular hair washing routine.

Remember, infectious dandruff is nothing to fool with . . . and women as well as men can contract it.

Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

Early and regular Listerine Antiseptic treatment may often head off the infec-

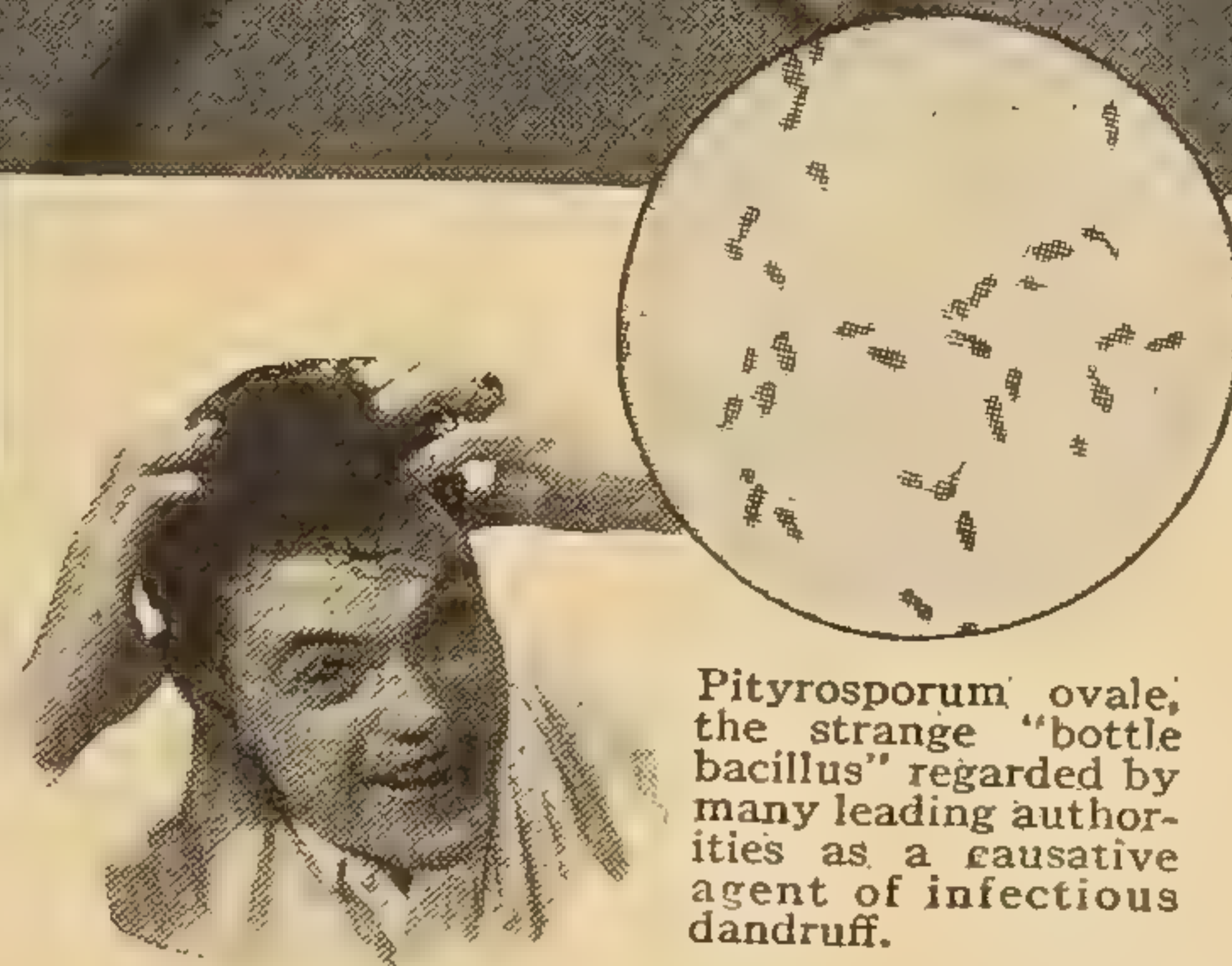
tion or relieve its severity. Here's why:

Listerine Antiseptic gives the scalp and hair an antiseptic bath. Right away it kills millions of "bottle bacillus" (*Pityrosporum ovale*), the ugly little germ that many a noted dermatologist looks upon as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

It's Easy . . . It's Delightful

There's no mess, no bother, no smell, no grease about the Listerine Antiseptic treatment. It's easy . . . it's delightful . . . and you simply have no idea how fresh, clean and exhilarated it makes your scalp feel. You will be delighted also, to see how quickly embarrassing flakes and scales begin to disappear.

Get in the habit of using Listerine



Pityrosporum ovale, the strange "bottle bacillus" regarded by many leading authorities as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

The TREATMENT

Women: Part hair, all over the scalp, and apply Listerine Antiseptic with finger tips or cotton. Rub in well. Carefully done, it can't hurt your wave. **Men:** Douse full-strength Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp morning and night. Follow with good, vigorous massage. Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous in the field of oral hygiene for over 60 years.

Antiseptic as a part of your regular shampoo. It pays.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

At the first sign of Infectious Dandruff . . . **LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC** — *Quick!*

THEY'RE SHAPING THEIR OWN DESTINIES!

They're all set to love
and it's all set to music!
The glorious story of three
Cinderellas who find
their fellas in romantic,
enchantic Atlantic City!



Songs—

TO TIE A STRING AROUND
YOUR HEART!

Lyrics by MACK GORDON • JOSEF MYROW
"YOU MAKE ME FEEL SO YOUNG"
"SOMEWHERE IN THE NIGHT"
"ON THE BOARDWALK" (in Atlantic City)
"ALWAYS A LADY"
"THREE LITTLE GIRLS IN BLUE"
and others

"THIS IS ALWAYS"
Music by HARRY WARREN

Three Little Girls in Blue

... They're all in
TECHNICOLOR, too!

STARRING
JUNE HAVER • GEORGE MONTGOMERY • VIVIAN BLAINE
CELESTE HOLM • VERA-ELLEN • FRANK LATIMORE

DIRECTED BY BRUCE HUMBERSTONE • PRODUCED BY MACK GORDON
Screen Play by Valentine Davies • Adapted by Brown Holmes, Lynn Starling and Robert Ellis and Helen Logan
From a Play by Stephen Powys • Dances Staged by Seymour Felix

20th
CENTURY-FOX

Coming! DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S Magnificent Production of W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM'S "THE RAZOR'S EDGE"

The Editor's Page

AN OPEN LETTER TO YVONNE DE CARLO



FOREVER YVONNE!

Yes, that's what I mean. I think you'd be a natural to play *Amber*. It won't happen, because I hear Linda Darnell is set for the rôle; but between us, I think you've been playing variations on the *Amber* personality in your past pictures and will keep right on doing so in future films. You have true temperament. You're a rather strange and unpredictable little person. For instance: at luncheon in a swank Manhattan hotel overlooking Central Park, you ignored the curious and admiring stares of assorted gentlemen and kept looking out the window "for Rusty,"

you explained. Rusty turned out to be an elderly cab-horse. "I want a mint julep for dessert," you said calmly, and had it. Then you told me about Kickapoo, your own horse, and how you'd ridden in rodeos—no soft job, that—and worked in night clubs. Worked is what I mean. You're one of the few film lovelies who seems to know what the word means. For two nights before doing a difficult dance for "Shahrazad" you couldn't sleep for worrying that the heavy headdress you had to wear would fall off. You're a conscientious kid, for all of your sultry good looks. I like the way you can't quite conquer a little-girl giggle just when you're looking and acting most sophisticated. I don't think you're a great actress and neither do you, because your big dream right now is to go to England and "learn to act," you said, and study Shakespeare. It may happen. I think a good many interesting things are going to happen to Yvonne De Carlo. Life will be an exotic menu—with a mint julep for dessert.

Delight Evans

The sultry star of Universal's Technicolor musical, "Shahrazad," plays a Spanish dancer in love with the Russian composer, Rimsky-Korsakov. Upper right, Yvonne De Carlo with Rex Ravelle, who plays Sultan in her new picture.



With my
Best
regards,
Sincerely
yours,
Cornel
Wilde



That's just what he is — sincerely yours. It's that sincere quality coming at you from the screen that distinguishes Cornel Wilde from other actors. When you see him in "Centennial Summer" he'll be looking like this closeup at left. Visit him at home with his beautiful wife, Patricia Knight, and you'll find him fit and relaxed, as in the exclusive color photos by Jack Albin.

THINGS YOU DON'T KNOW ABOUT CORNEL WILDE

Yes, he's been the subject of many interviews, but you'll find, when you read this brand new, exclusive story by star reporter Canfield, that there are surprising things still to report about the man

By Alyce Canfield

SO MUCH has been written about Cornel Wilde of late that you wonder if anything new *can* be written. Yet, despite the countless life stories that have appeared on Cornel, despite the many facets of his personality that have been analysed and discussed, there are a multitude of little things that have not been brought into focus. Put together they tell more about the *real* Cornel Wilde than the conventional, more publicized, highlights of his career.

For instance, it's true that Cornel Wilde has a temper. You've read about this. But what you may not know is that although he's usually easy-going, there comes the time when his temper, slow to be aroused, sears and burns everything around him. This, too, may not be news. But do you know what causes him to *really* blow his top? It's not when anyone is stepping on him, for these days no one goes around doing that. But Cornel simply cannot stand to see the underdog pushed around. He dislikes people who use their authority to make the little fellow squirm. He has entered into more fights on this one point than any other single cause you can name.

To him, one of the most gratifying results of being a No. 1 star and hot at the box office is the fact that because of his caliber as a star, he, himself, is now a person with
(Please turn to page 91)



Happy at home! New screen career for Patricia Knight Wilde hasn't spoiled their perfect companionship. Cornel is more ambitious for Pat's movie success than she is herself.





Joan Crawford

**LOOKS TO
THE FUTURE**

The Academy Award winner has worked
out a philosophy of life which
can be put into practice by everybody

By Fredda Dudley

THIS is a story of triumphant living. It is the story of one woman's conviction that NOW is the future; this instant which we hold in our hands plays a dual rôle: it is all we have of life, but it is also the raw material from which can be built the NOW that is to come.

At this moment, Joan Crawford is happier than she has ever been in her life. She has reached that rewarding point of having worked out a philosophy for herself, and having proved that the philosophy is valid.

Very few people realize fully how beaten Joan was after a two-year absence from the screen. Her self-confidence had been utterly destroyed. She had to force herself to accept invitations; her inclination was to hibernate within the protecting walls of her home. The thought of facing a camera brought on a state very near an emotional upheaval. But, during this travail, she had a viewpoint, and she was determined to test that belief to the utmost. She was not going to make a picture until she felt that the script had power, power enough to engage fully the talents of Joan Crawford, dramatic actress, in place of utilizing that natural subject, Joan Crawford, the beautiful clothes-horse.

Out of her conviction and her two years of battle, Joan has brought—not

only the Academy Award Oscar—but a result-ried faith to teach her children. Christina and Christopher will be taught that, when one is convinced that he is right in pursuing a certain course—after having checked that course with those friends in whose intelligence and integrity one has confidence—one must stick to his decision in the face of all hazards, obstacles and apparent defeats. Joan will teach her son and daughter that one can wring victory out of discouragement and despair, if one will only stick to one's course, remaining faithful to one's vision.

The waiting years before the highroad of success was open to Joan again were far from easy: not only did she sometimes doubt her professional worth, but some of the friends on whom she had greatly relied were perennially busy when Joan could have used a few moments of encouragement. In some cases, a discovery of that nature has embittered actors. Not Joan. She regards industry politics with an understanding, if regretful, eye.

One fruit of the Award that touched Joan deeply was a letter of congratulation she received from a young friend. He said that he had enjoyed her performance in "Mildred Pierce" very much, and that he felt she had earned her Oscar. He added that, in addition to regarding Joan as one of his favorite actresses, he admired her as a person. The letter was signed, "Tony Stanwyck."

Our scene now shifts to the Stanwyck-Taylor home. Tony is an avid reader; Barbara swears that Tony's nose is always imprinted with some letter of the alphabet, because said nose is always stuck in a book. He has charge account privileges (established by his mother) at one of Beverly Hills' most comprehensive book shops. Barbara came home one night to find Tony sitting on the floor, unpacking a case of books. His expression was beatific, a circumstance that failed to deter Barbara from saying with an exasperated sigh, "Tony, this house is simply filled with books that you haven't yet read. I should think you'd consider that before buying another boatload." "I didn't buy these," quoth Tony. "They were sent to me by Miss Crawford." "A little more explanation, please," said his mother. So Tony explained that the books were a "thank-you" gesture for a "congratulate-you" note.

One of Joan's most impressive attributes is her ability to accomplish a heroic amount of work. At the studio one day, Joan was being fitted for a gown she will wear in "Humoresque," she was giving an interview, and she was taking a series of telephone calls—simultaneously. Director Curtis Bernhart, marveling at this set of tricks, said in admiration, "I've never seen a woman who could accomplish as much as you do, Joan. You (Please turn to page 67)

New Crawford picture for Warner Bros. is "Humoresque," with John Garfield co-starring, below. In it Joan plays a strong dramatic rôle to follow up her hit in "Mildred Pierce." Next picture for Warners will be "Possessed." Now that she's no longer just a beautiful clothes-horse Crawford can afford to go glamorous as in stunning portrait opposite by Eugene Robert Richee.





**"IT'S
A
WON-
DER-
FUL
LIFE"**

Now that Jimmy Stewart is back in Hollywood! That's the title of his new picture, Frank Capra's first production for Liberty Films, with Donna Reed co-starred. Yes, life is sure wonderful.

The reason behind Frank Capra's selection of Donna Reed for the heroine's rôle in Liberty Films' "It's A Wonderful Life" is one of film-land's best success stories, told here for the first time by ace interviewer Wilkinson. It's Donna Reed's first starring part after six years in Hollywood, and she's in fast company, with Jimmy Stewart as co-star and a supporting cast which includes such distinguished troupers as Lionel Barrymore, Thomas Mitchell, and Henry Travers. Watch her!

By
**Lupton A.
Wilkinson**

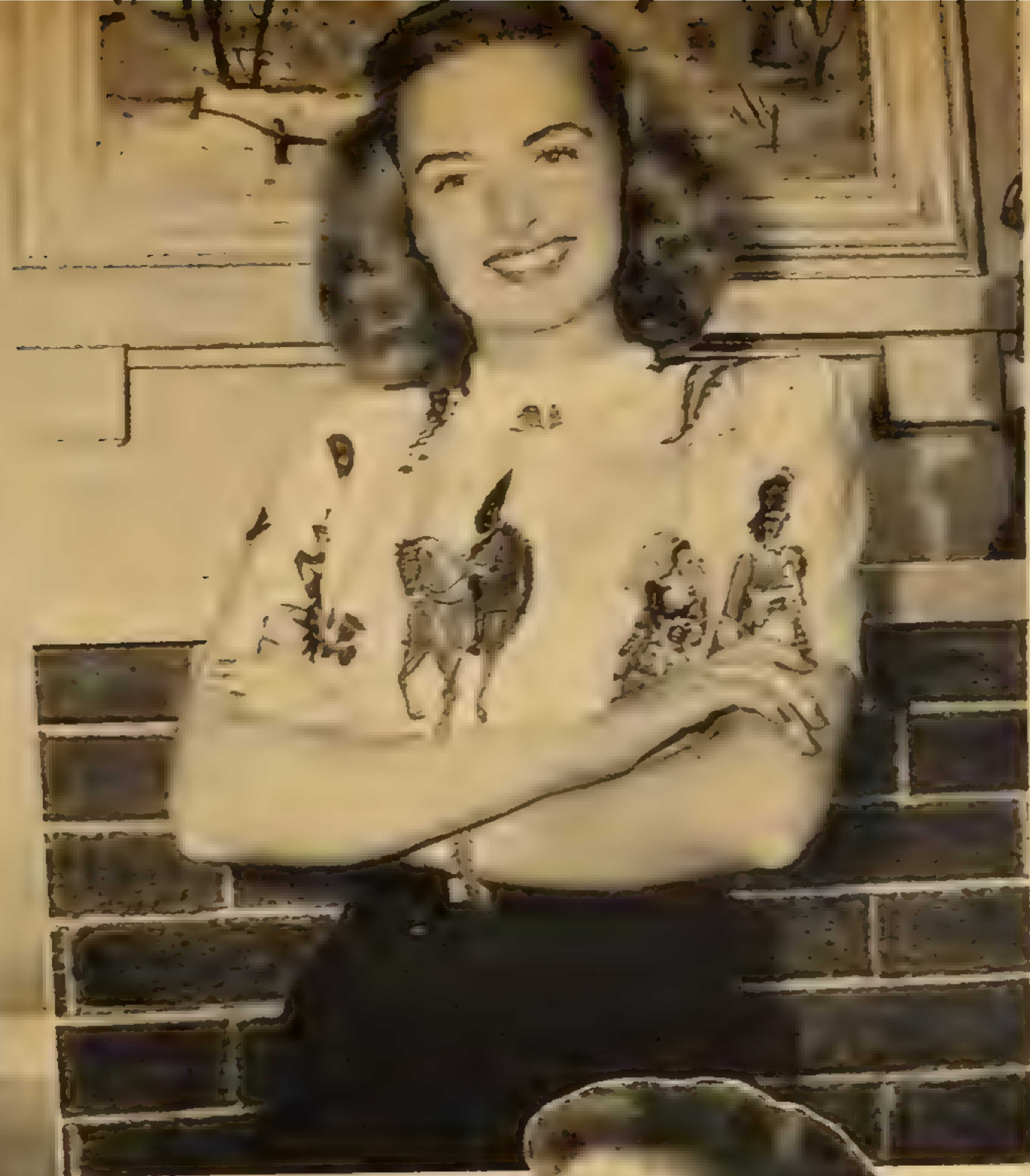
LIGHTNING STRIKES A STAR

Here's the girl who is
playing opposite Jimmy Stewart in
what may prove to be the
most important Hollywood picture
of many years—Donna Reed

WHEN lightning strikes Donna Reed, it takes its own good time. Then it not only hits twice, it blazes like the sky was on fire! A lightning-bolt of casting first illuminated, last year, Donna's full star value. Famous Director John Ford, on leave from the Navy, tested her for nine silent days—no lines to speak. Then he chose her as the heroine of "They Were Expendable." A blind man could have sensed the slim Iowan's I'm-a-real-American-girl quality, as Ford brought it out on the screen. Her lovability was there.

Producer-Director

(Please turn to page 73)



THIS IS WHAT I BELIEVE

By
Robert Taylor

Back home in Hollywood and happy, Bob

takes time out between scenes of

"Undercurrent," his first postwar picture

in which he co-stars with Katharine

Hepburn, to tell his fans his new view-

point on the things that matter most

THE average guy sticks his neck out when he airs or confides his personal beliefs. Well, I believe I'm an average guy and I know I'm sticking my neck out because I've accepted this invitation to speak my piece. Get one thing straight! This will be no sales talk for converts to my way of thinking. I'm no authority, brother. Just, as I said, an average, easy-going guy who has some opinions and some prejudices, some confusions, some hopes and some convictions—as who hasn't? And I'm not a one who believes or indulges in arguments. On those, with a couple of exceptions, I turn my back if I've run into one. Otherwise, except for the exceptions, I'll stroll a mile to avoid one.

As I say, only two subjects can ever really provoke an argument from me. One is religion. And I argue about it, not because of any intolerance of the other fellow's convictions. I argue about it objectively—as I would argue about, well, say grand opera—to learn. I don't understand grand opera, despite my early training as a musician. And I don't understand some of the doctrines of various religious faiths despite my regular church attendance as a child.

I live by a code of my own. I have my own creed and it is not the creed of any specific religious faith. I have been unable to understandingly embrace in full the tenets of any church. Nor have I an emotional leaning toward any one faith. I just plain don't understand why one religion frowns on dancing, another on baseball games on Sunday, another on eating meat on Friday, another bans smoking, et cetera.

But I am not a doubter of religion. I am not an atheist. I believe in God. I believe in prayer. My God is not a vague impersonal character. At the risk of being labelled naïve I'll admit that the God to whom I pray is perhaps a carry-over of my childhood image of Him. A wise old man, a strong, infinitely benevolent old man, white of hair and beard, who knows everything, understands everything and has compassion for everyone. It is to this personal God I pray. And I believe He hears me. I believe He listens when I ask Him for something for myself or for someone else. I believe He respects those times when I need to talk to someone without anyone listening in. I "see" this Deity to whom I pray. I couldn't pray to a God I couldn't "see." I don't believe this Man condemns me because I rarely go to church services. I do believe He knows I work pretty hard at being as decent a human being as I can. The God I pray to approximates the conception held by the poet who wrote "Abou Ben Adhem." Remember, when the Recording Angel told Abou that he was making a list of those who loved God, Abou told the Recorder to write his name as one who loved his fellow men. When, later, the Recording Angel returned with the list of those whom God had blessed, Abou's name "led all the rest."

It gives me greater spiritual happiness to pattern my behavior after what
(Please turn to page 78)



Session on the set at MGM with co-star Katie and Director George Cukor, above. Top, left, discussing their next scene for "Undercurrent"; co-stars Taylor and Hepburn; right, chatting with ace cameraman Karl Freund. Center above, two highlight scenes between Bob and Katie for Bob's first picture after three years as an officer in the Navy.



Barbara Stanwyck

Soon to be seen
Warner Bros.' "T
Two Mrs. Carroll
with Humphrey B
gart as her co-st

os by Jack Albin
how Barbara on one
f her rare days off
—she's made four
ictures in a row—
utting her house in
rder. Her private
fe as Mrs. Robert
aylor is entirely
part from her pro-
ession as Holly-
ood's hardest-hit-
ng dramatic ac-
ress. Note nickname,
Missy," on sweater;
thers are Stany
nd "The Queen."



THERE'S a saying in Hollywood among those who earn their living by the ink of their typewriters, "A Stanwyck story is a solid gold story." But they stop right there. They don't go on to explain how you manage to see Barbara Stanwyck. It isn't likely that you'll bump into her at a fashion show, or a preview, or a night club, or any of the other spots which are happy hunting grounds for writers on the trail of stories. For Miss S. is either beating her beautiful brains out working on a picture, or she's at home with her pump-shod feet propped up on a mile-wide coffee table. I had called Barbara for an interview over a period of weeks, each time to be

stopped cold by a polite young lady who informed me that Miss Stanwyck was busy. Heaven knows she was with that string of four pictures in a row which she's just finished, one snugly overlapping the other. Just when I had made up my mind that my Stanwyck interview would coincide with my golden anniversary as a writer, Stany called and asked me to dinner. But she made a stipulation.

"Look, please come to dinner. But don't come with that little black book full of questions. If you want to know what I think about Mexican art, or the care and feeding of hybrid hydrangeas, I'm not your (Please turn to page 93)



Deep in the Heart of Barbara



By Hattie Bilson

"If you want to know what I think about Mexican art, or the care of hybrid hydrangeas," said Stany to our interviewer, "I'm not your girl. But if you can come to dinner, it'd be swell." Result: the best Stanwyck story in years

Mister

Here's Ronnie, Ronald Reagan, whose next picture will be "Stallion Road."



and Missus

And here's Janie,
Mrs. Peagan to you,
who's a hit in "Night
and Day," Warners.



The Man of 1,000 Personalities



Exclusive home photos by Floyd J. Hopkins



Chekhov and his wife live in a simple, six-room farmhouse on an acre of land in San Fernando Valley, where the great Russian actor grows his own vegetables, milks his own goats. He says their home is really run, by their four wire-haired terriers, including Garbo, shown with Chekhov below. Latest characterization is in "Abie's Irish Rose," with Joanne Dru, Richard Norris, left and center above. Right, in "Spectre of the Rose."

Meet Michael Chekhov, character actor extraordinary

By Barry Farrar

MORE than one distinguished character actor, by the grace of expert publicity, has become known as "The man of a thousand faces." But Michael Chekhov, Russia's gift to Hollywood, has achieved this moniker on his own. In truth, Chekhov can go his illustrious predecessors in Hollywood one better. He may be described more accurately as the man with a thousand personalities. When this slight, professorial-looking man steps into the guise of a new character he undergoes a complete metamorphosis. He becomes the living, breathing reality of the being called for in the script, and then some. The "then some" is that added fillip supplied by Chekhov's creative genius.

As an example of the man's consummate skill you have only to recall his work as the psychiatrist in "Spellbound." That picture was loaded with good performers, not the least being Ingrid Bergman and Gregory Peck; but when critics left the theater after the Holly-

wood premiere of "Spellbound" the only thing they could talk about was the performance of that then little-known actor Michael Chekhov. Nor have they ceased to talk. The characters he creates stay with you. They are *alive*.

Producers were as impressed as the critics. Figuratively they have been beating a path to his door ever since. But Chekhov is not amenable to doing just a "part." Any rôle he essays must be one of sufficient importance and value to call forth the best in him. Only in this

way does he feel that a maximum of results can be achieved. This is the main reason he will not accept a long-term contract which would require him to take whatever the producers might ask him to do. Ben Hecht, who signed him for "Spectre of the Rose" at Republic, for example, was so (*Please turn to page 95*)



June Allyson



"Till The Clouds Roll By" to be followed by "High Barbaree" with Van Johnson

Just Who Is Geraldine?

Pixie or prima donna?
This unpredictable Fitzgerald gal, far from being "the type," is combination of all types

By Lynn Bowers

ONCE in a long while someone comes along like Geraldine Fitzgerald who is different, hard to classify, someone who seems to represent all women. Every producer, director, and casting director who selects her for a part sees her as a distinct individual. Yet none of these men actually knows her as a person or as an actress. If she were to insist, for instance, that her forte is comedy they would give a loud laugh and say "You're kidding, of course." Ask anyone in Hollywood what Geraldine Fitzgerald is like and the answer would be "Well, I don't know her personally, *but—*" and they'd give you their impression, probably based on her most recent rôle.

She knows fewer Hollywood people socially than any other actress of her standing. Now, cultivating producers socially with an eye out for possible picture plums is standard procedure with actresses, but in Geraldine's case flying in the face of convention hasn't hurt and probably has helped her career.

She began earning steady pay checks on the Irish stage as a light comedienne. She had every intention of staying on the gay and frothy side, enjoying her work and loving the sound of laughter from customers of Dublin's Gate Theater. Then it happened that a stiff westerly breeze, blowing from Dublin to



Fitzgerald dislikes formal attire, prefers comfort of shorts and blouse as she studies her script in the patio.



She looks more like her son Michael's older sister when she lolls on the beach outside her informal home.

New York, brought news that a pretty young Irish actress had theater-goers there standing and rolling in the aisles. Orson Welles, of the Mercury Theater Welleses, couldn't wait to sign her up. Geraldine wondered if Mr. Welles intended departing from his usual heavy brand of drama when she signed with him, but somehow she didn't get around

to asking. And before she could say Erin go bragh, she was acting all over the place without a single laugh-getting line.

By the time she hit Hollywood there was a regular legend built up about the Fitzgerald gal. "They" said she was a great dramatic bet. Hollywood viewed her guardedly. Nobody bothered to bone up on what (Please turn to page 83)



*Very
personally
yours*



You walk briskly . . . your ears ringing with the cheers and the songs. You feel the glow you've always felt, ever since you first tucked your saddle shoes in a stadium blanket . . . and the world became an exciting pattern of pennants and chrysanthemums . . . tea dances . . . football shoulders. A world very personally yours, of going places . . . of being young!

That was when you promised yourself you'd *stay* young, always. And you do. Because you never let life's aggravations slow you up; or get you down. On problem days, for instance, you choose Kotex—for its miracle-softness—unfailing softness that gives you the extra comfort you'd expect from this napkin made to stay soft while you wear it.

Yes, and you choose Kotex for its flat, tapered ends that prevent revealing outlines. For that exclusive safety center, assuring extra protection. For the deodorant in each Kotex napkin; to safeguard your daintiness. And because only Kotex has 3 sizes for different women, different days: Regular, Junior, Super Kotex.

All designed to give you the comfort . . . confidence . . . young-hearted fun of living . . . that are *very personally yours.*



More women choose Kotex*
than all other sanitary napkins

THEY ARE *Not* EXPENDABLE

Hollywood could worry along without palm trees, theme songs, or story cycles; but the talents of Director George Sidney and star-inspirer Lillian Burns, drama coach, are practically indispensable

By Gladys Hall

SPEND an afternoon, or even an hour thereof, with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's famed dramatic coach, Lillian Burns, and the same studio's "white-haired boy" director, George ("Anchors Aweigh") Sidney, and you get the impression that MGM, and its stars, are proud of and have a great affection for Miss Burns and Mr. Sidney, who are Mr. and Mrs. in private life.

Like locusts swarming, the stars came—some in person, Van Johnson, Peter Lawford, Keenan Wynn; others by telephone, Margaret O'Brien, Frank Sinatra—until the suite at the Waldorf Towers in New York where, on brief vacation from Hollywood, the Sidneys were staying resembled, visually and with sound effects, a producer's dream of an all-star cast. Peter Lawford was the first to appear. "I just dropped in," Peter, with his nice shyness, explained.

"Van Johnson," Miss Burns told me when, later, I commented on that young man's utter lack of exhibitionism, "is just a big, open-

Genial George Sidney and his clever wife, Lillian Burns, left, stroll out their front door on their way to daily movie chores at MGM. Below, at lunch in the studio commissary, Sidney illustrates on the back of a menu an idea for a unique camera shot he intends to use.





The director in action. No detail is too unimportant for Sidney. Here, he discusses the art of handling a cigarette lighter with Walter Pidgeon and Jane Powell in "Holiday in Mexico."

faced kid. He's awfully sweet, awfully sane and sound and awfully misunderstood, in that no one really believes he is as shy as he is. As earnest and hardworking and sincere an individual as I have ever known, Van treats his fans as if they are doing him a favor. Which, believe me, he believes they are. He can't believe this 'Cinderella thing,' as he refers to this enormous popularity, has happened to him; thinks it is the most wonderful, extraordinary thing that ever happened to anyone. I can't tell you how many times he has said to me, 'Can it be true, Lillian, this wonderful thing?'—and when he gets those boxes of candy and chewing gum the kids send him, and their letters, he is so genuinely thrilled, it is—well, actually, it is *funny*."

Shortly after Van, Keenan Wynn (who is NOT shy, oh, my!) and Mrs. Wynn came along. Margaret O'Brien, Gene Kelly and one or two others, whose names I did not get, eavesdrop as I would, and did, telephoned. Margaret, I learned, had called to thank Miss Burns for having taken her, that morning, to 10th Avenue, ("Margaret is to make a picture called 'Tenth Avenue Angel,' Miss Burns explained, "and I wanted her to get the atmosphere of the street") and for her ride, her first ride on the "El." Margaret had also suggested to Miss Burns that they "Go back to 10th

Avenue, tomorrow" and pick up a couple of children—"or maybe five or six" and take them to lunch, "somewhere *fancy*." "And that," said Miss Burns, "is Margaret for you!"

There were, in addition, long distance calls from the Coast: Jose Iturbi, who called from California to say hello, and Frank Sinatra, who had something he wanted to ask Mr. Sidney.

Now, there are a number of people on the MGM lot, in Hollywood, to whom stars, and stars-in-the-making, can turn for advice and help: to Irene, for instance, who dresses the "girls" from character actress Marjorie Main to glamor actress Lana Turner to entry-in-all classes actress, Margaret O'Brien, for pictures; to Jack Dawn and his assistants, who make them up for the cam-

eras; to Sydney Guilaroff, who outdoes Nature when he does their hair.

As attractive, by the way, as the girls she helped "bring up" to be stars, Lillian Burns is definitely petite, with short-cut brown hair, knowing brown eyes, a figure
(Please turn to page 88)



The Sidneys are so movie-minded that even on their rare days off they read a few scripts at home. Lillian, famed dramatic coach, has contributed much to the careers of Lana Turner, June Allyson, Van Johnson, and Esther Williams, among others.



Apples for the teacher, left, from Roddy McDowell and Jane Powell. Above, Lillian Burns goes over the day's shooting script with Janie. Right above, Gene Kelly, Sidney's star in "Anchors Aweigh," with boss-director.

Everybody calls her "MAGGIE"

That's the kind of girl lovely Margaret Lockwood is! She'll be leaving England for Hollywood soon, so here's your chance to read all about her—first

By
**Hettie
Grimstead**

EVERYBODY calls her "Maggie," for that's the kind of girl she is. She's just as charming to the old studio gatekeeper as to the Big Executive and she chooses their Christmas gifts equally carefully. She's cheerful and sunny-tempered and almost always smiling, completely devoid of temperament or affectation. She's intelligent, too, and essentially modest, still wearing a slight air of surprise at finding herself a famous screen star.

For that's what black-haired little

Margaret Lockwood has become now. Following three successful films in a row—"Madonna of the Seven Moons," "Love Story" and "The Wicked Lady," she was given the name part in "Bedelia." She did so well as the wayward heroine of Vera Caspary's psychological thriller that J. Arthur Rank has rewarded her with the biggest acting plum of the whole British screen year. Out of

all the yearning actresses in London, he personally chose her to play the coveted rôle of *Fanny Rosa* in the film version of Daphne du Maurier's best-selling novel, "Hungry Hill."

In this powerful story of old-time Ireland, Margaret has to run the whole gamut of (Please turn to page 85)



Remember Ian Hunter? He left Hollywood to answer the call of his native England in wartime. Here, he co-stars with Margaret Lockwood in the British-made "Bedelia," thrilling melodrama from Vera Caspary's book.

Jolene

SHOES



HYDE PARK



GAYOSA



WENDY

A SPRINKLING OF STARDUST

Jolene brings you "A Sprinkling of Stardust," in this versatile collection of Hollywood inspired shoes. Jolene shoes will add a sparkle to your Fall wardrobe. \$6 (Slightly Higher Denver West)

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IT'S NO LIFE FOR A

Sissy!



**It isn't that she's difficult;
it isn't that she's temperamental. Oh, no!
It's just that Ella Raines, who knows what she wants
and why, sticks to her guns until she gets her way**

By Gertrude Shanklin

THEY'VE learned from experience, over Universal way, to think twice before crossing swords with Ella Raines. And after the second thought, they generally decide to do things Ella's way and skip the crossing of swords, which never seems to alter things anyway. It's not that Ella's a prima donna in the usual sense. That would be easy. Handling prima donnas is an old story and duck soup for studio personnel. No, if there's any gnashing of teeth and tearing of hair at conferences involving Ella, you can bet your last buck it isn't done by Ella. It's simply that Ella, who knows what she wants and why, just sweetly but firmly and interminably sticks to her guns until she gets her way.

When asked how she had earned her "super dreadnought" reputation, she asked innocently, "Oh, *have* I that reputation?" And then into those intriguing green "cat's eyes" came a wicked twinkle which was a dead give-away, and Ella burst out laughing.

"Well, of course, I do love an argument," she admitted, "and I *hate* people who won't give in. But the only time I'll fight is when I'm interested in something. If I don't fight, it's because I'm not interested." If you try to square that statement with local rumors, the only answer seems to be that Ella is intensely interested most of the time.

In the living room of her home, high on a Beverly Hill, Ella curled up on a davenport and proceeded to explain her attitude, which has been so variously interpreted—and misinterpreted. She speaks in that frank, deliberate manner that distinguishes her on the screen, but without the slightly wistful flavor that so many of her rôles have called for. There's nothing wistful about the off-screen. (Please turn to page 70)

FRANCES GIFFORD, STARRING IN M.G.M.'S "LITTLE MR. JIM"

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FRANCES GIFFORD . . . A cream 'n' honey complexion makes—a honey of a gal! Give your skin this tempting sweet tone . . . with Woodbury RACHEL Powder. Exciting and *color-full* . . . for it's Film-Finish blended, exclusive with Woodbury! As perfect on your skin as in the box. More bewitching than the powder you're wearing—just compare! Woodbury's velvet veil clings *color-fresh* . . . covers tiny flaws. Eight Star shades.

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girl who gets her own way loves fun, requested role in which she could laugh, as a change of pace after "Phantom Lady," "The Suspect," and "Uncle Harry." She got her wish in "The Runaround," in which Rod Cameron, her steady suitor (he is pictured twice with Ella in panel above), playfully played opposite her. That pleasant-faced comedian, aiding and abetting the screen star in robbing the Raines orange grove is Ella's mother.

The boy who chose to laugh instead of being sorry for himself; who set his course toward the goal he sought and got there, after ten patient years: Tom Drake

Where



There is Laughter

IT IS his voice you are conscious of at first. He comes into a room and you look up, and say to yourself, "There's a nice boy!" His smile is never the bland, sweetly-conscious smile of the professional actor. There is a dreamy gaiety to it; there is laughter in the crinkling brown eyes, a look of fluid strength about his six feet of blond masculinity. There is even a little-boy-lost quality in the way he greets you.

And then he speaks. In that curiously resonant voice that has such surprising overtones; that voice of moonlight and honey—huskily vibrant, with a quality of magnetism that throbs like a living flame. And you know the answer to his sudden success.

His name is Tom Drake. At least, that's what the Hollywood studios have named him. It is really Alfred Alderdyce; and, back in New Rochelle where he grew up and went to school, the persuasive magic of that voice began at a very early age to upset a great many things. In particular, it upset the very conservative, orderly plans his father had for the future of his only son.

"Dad wanted me to be an architect," Tom tells you. "We lived in a big old house in New Rochelle; Dad was a linen merchant—all his friends and my mother's friends were conventional, solid citizens; the sort who automatically place acting in the same category as tattooing. It just isn't *done*!"

When he was twelve he'd made up his mind that he wanted to be a doctor.

"That was after I'd gotten over an ambition to be a motorcycle cop," he says. "The arguments we had over that idea resulted in an emotional problem. I never argued; but I was going to be a doctor. You know what Mencken says: 'When the other fellow is set in his way, he's obstinate; when you are, it's just firmness.'"

That question settled itself, however—in the first tragedy of his young life. His father died when he was barely thirteen. He attended public school in New Rochelle, then went to Mercersburg Academy in Pennsylvania—a prep school for Princeton. And he was still determined to be a doctor. "But the trouble was," he says ruefully, "I never studied. I've got a photographic mind—you know, an ability to read a page and sort of know it. So I got high marks. I never opened a book until just before the exams; then Mother would get me a tutor, and I'd pass. It was in my third year at Mercersburg, however, that this happy habit caught up with me. I couldn't bluff any more. And since I didn't have the *habit* of study, I was lost! And I sure was scared. To make studying attractive to myself, I remember I'd go out into the dinette, armed with five or six brand new pencils, an eraser; also new, and a new pad of note-books. I'd write my name carefully in all the note-books—all the props! I'd say to

(Please turn to page 87)



Top, Tom and Donna Reed, his co-star in new MGM film, "Faithful in My Fashion," clown on the set with famed character comedian Edward Everett Horton. Above, rehearsing with director.



Young man going places fast: Tom Drake, after his hit in "The Green Years," studies script for next picture, "Faithful in My Fashion," left; tunes in on a recently enacted scene, above.





Here she is, the "new" Marjorie, with her own natural brunette coloring and a brand new, sparkling personality. New picture for Paramount: "Monsieur Beaucaire," with Hope.



No longer a blonde, Marjorie Reynolds has changed her personality along with her hair. A daring hat or gown, a new coiffure may make a new woman of you, too!

IT'S STRANGE," says Marjorie Reynolds, "how you can go along for years, vaguely dissatisfied with the course of your life, searching for a solution. Then when you least expect it, some small seemingly unimportant circumstance gets you headed in the right direction and you're off to a fresh start. Believe it or not, a tall black wig did the trick for me," she adds with a grin.

The wig was an eighteenth century affair, a complicated stack of dark curls and pompadours they tried to pin on Marjorie for her rôle opposite Bob Hope in "Monsieur Beaucaire." Makeup men bustled about, carefully tucking every strand of her light hair under the period piece. A wistful little man, clutching a glistening hair ornament, hovered nearby awaiting the signal to add the crowning touch to the elegant coiffure.

"Take it off," said Marjorie suddenly, getting out from under. "I won't wear a wig."

There was a chorus of horrified protest. "But you *must*. You're a blonde and the script definitely calls for a brunette!"

"That's just it. For years I've wanted to change my hair back to its natural color. Now's the time to do it."

Chaos in the makeup department. Experts argued fiercely among themselves. The wistful little man dropped the hair ornament in his agitation. "No wig!" repeated Marjorie stubbornly. "My own hair, dyed black!"

With the elaborate appointments of the studio makeup department at hand she was transformed within the hour. Marjorie hailed her triple image in the dressing-table mirrors with delighted surprise. "Hello, there. Haven't seen you in years!" Then, remembering the makeup men, she explained with some embarrassment, "It's been so long since I was a brunette I'd forgotten what I was really like!"

She has been reminded in many ways since, for the change goes deeper than her darkened hair. Every facet of her personality sparkles with a fresh bright luster. Feeling completely natural for the first time in years, Marjorie is gaining confidence in herself. Her manner of speech is brisker. Friends and neighbors, accustomed to seeing her in pastel sweaters and skirts, are bug-eyed at the spectacle of an exotic Marjorie flaunting large hooped earrings and gay Mexican peasant dirndls. Even her cooking (never perfect) has taken on added zest, featuring highly flavored dishes of uncertain origin. Her husband, attractive Jack Reynolds, fresh out of an army major's uniform, is enchanted with the New Woman in his life.

First post-blonde step toward a career-change was in the direction of the office of Paramount's Boss Man, Y. Frank Freeman. "I've got a terrific idea," she burst in on him without warning. "I

want to make a flock of screen tests!"

Executive eyebrows shot up. "Screen tests! They're for beginners, not for seasoned actresses like you, Miss Reynolds."

"Seasoned. H-m-m." She pondered the word. "I'd rather be considered spicy for a change." Marjorie moved closer to the massive walnut desk. "Let me choose my own scripts, supervise the making of

(Please turn to page 97)



The new, brunette Marjorie visits Director George Marshall's set and listens in at the mike boom, above.



She has a new house, too, a Williamsburg Colonial of stucco, frame, and brick, in San Fernando Valley.

Fresh Start for Marjorie

By

Harriet Drake



Exclusive home photos by Malcolm Bulloch, Paramount

Forward-Looking Fashions

Hollywood peers ahead into the
fashion future and comes up with
these unusual new clothes,
exclusively designed for Eleanor
Parker in "Never Say Goodbye"

Bronze and gold metal cloth forms this off-
shoulder formal, with rounded hipline achieved
with an extremely full petticoat. This and
other costumes designed by Leah Rhodes.



Smart black crepe dress with bertha collar
and draped peplum edged with a wide band
of black velvet is worn by Miss Parker, above.





Striped wool jersey sleeves enhance this two-piece dark brown wool dress at left. Set at the belt and upper left hip are a pair of clips fashioned in the shape of musical notes. Far left, a beautifully designed formal gown of white jersey accented with tasselled upholstery fringe in self shade.



Leah Rhodes, Warner Bros. designer, uses a stunning beret and muff of beaver to accompany the grey flannel suit which Eleanor Parker wears in "Never Say Goodbye." Above, Eleanor's beaver coat has deep turned-back cuffs and tuxedo front.

Exclusive photos
by Welborne



Be the first to
talk about these
big pictures
with your
friends; watch
for these out-
standing scenes

Photo

Rosalind Russell in
the title rôle of
RKO's "Sister Kenny"
covers a period of
forty years. Top, Al-
exander Knox as the
doctor who takes
soundings when Ros-
alind is preparing for
the wedding place.
Right, the star and
her leading man—re-
member him in "Wil-
son"?—in old age.

Left, Laraine Day is one of the three stars in "What Nancy Wanted," RKO's drama of a lovely kleptomaniac. Robert Mitchum, left, and Brian Aherne share honors with Laraine in this psychological thriller. Below, two scenes from "Desirable Woman," in which Joan Bennett plays the wife of a blind painter, and Robert Ryan a susceptible Coast Guardsman.



Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in "Sinbad the Sailor," meets Maureen O'Hara in her forbidden quarters in the emir's palace. Far left, Anthony Quinn, prominent in the cast, with star Fairbanks.

MORE

*Photo
Reviews*



Based on a story called "Concerto," by Borden Chase, "I've Always Loved You" covers a span of years in which Dorn and Miss McLeod grow older gracefully.





Despite Dorn's influence, Catherine McLeod and Bill Carter achieve a serenely happy married life which endures through the years.



As the daughter of the household, new discovery Vanessa Brown is introduced to movie audiences in the new Frank Borzage film.

"I've Always Loved You" is the romantic drama of a brilliant woman pianist torn between her emotions for two men—one, a temperamental musician, the other her loyal and understanding husband who stands by

Frank Borzage's new production is in Technicolor, the most ambitious effort ever turned out by Republic Pictures. Philip Dorn fans will find their favorite actor in the most impressive rôle of his career, that of a famous pianist and conductor whose Svengali-like influence over a beautiful and gifted girl leads to tense drama. Newcomers Catherine McLeod and William Carter, right, have their big chance as the girl pianist and the kind and devoted man she marries.



Their

Roddy gets a chance to prove his technique on a garden bench in MGM's new musical romance in which he plays opposite Jane Powell. Previously, Roddy has played strictly juvenile rôles. Now he's learning fast. Left, "Is this seat taken?" he leads off. A polite negative from Janie, who's ready, willing and waiting. Roddy then slips an arm about Jane, who doesn't mind too much. Ice broken, Roddy and Jane get ready for the he-man smackeroo seen at right.



First Screen Kiss

Roddy McDowall and Jane Powell
practice the gentle art of oscu-
lation for "Holiday in Mexico."
Yep, the kids are growing up





12 Romance? Joan Crawford and Clark Gable, friends and co-stars of long ago, find each other again. Top of page, Van Johnson tries his lung power, of which it takes plenty, on bagpipes—with the laughing aid of Peter Lawford, Mr. and Mrs. Keenan Wynn.

NO, THE Bogarts aren't superstitious. They bought Hedy Lamarr's isolated hilltop home. This is the one Gene Markey occupied when he was married to Hedy. She was living there when she broke up with George Montgomery. Also when she and John Loder had a temporary separation. Recently the place was robbed. And now that the Loders have ordered a baby brother for little Denise, Hedy just doesn't want any part of the house at all. Bogey and "Baby" are going to re-do the house in early American. If you've got an old cobbler's bench stashed away in your attic here's your chance to make a big hit with Mr. and Mrs. B.

LINDA DARNELL insists her divorce from cameraman Pev Marley will be friendly. Linda really was criticised when she called at the hospital where Howard Hughes was fighting for his life. Her being photographed while waiting in the lobby didn't set so well with Hughes' henchmen. They felt there were others who were closer to the famous flyer, who got no such publicity. In all fairness to the lovely Linda, she may not have known a news

Here's Hollywood



Gossip by Weston East

photographer was going to creep out of the woodwork. And now—it's definitely announced that Darnell will get the title rôle in "Forever Amber," with Cornel Wilde back in the cast.

THE final okay on the actor to portray the late Franklin D. Roosevelt in MGM's "The Beginning or the End" was up to Eleanor Roosevelt. She turned thumbs down on Lionel Barrymore, who campaigned for the opposition during the last presidential election. Godfrey Tearle, New York-born English actor, was the final choice. Despite Tearle's uncanny likeness to her beloved husband, Mrs. Roosevelt would only allow the character to be photographed from a three-quarter angle—never a front-on, full-face view. The studio naturally respected her wishes.

WHEN SHIRLEY TEMPLE and Jane Withers were rival kiddie stars on the old Fox lot, Mrs. Temple never allowed the girls to have publicity pictures together. Shirley is now grown up and married. Jane is in her twenties. Surely there can be no competition. At a Holly-

wood party recently, Shirley tactfully managed to avoid posing with Jane when a cameraman asked her. At this stage of the game—why? The girls are obviously friendly.

ATENTION, you bobby-soxers at Laguna Beach. When Keenan Wynn agreed to appear in "Twentieth Century" at your playhouse, the first ticket sold went to his old pal, Van Johnson. Tired after the fifty-mile drive, Van decided to spend the night in your town. There wasn't a spare room in the hotel. Van finally tried to rent a room for the night in a private home. No one would take him in! At midnight, tired and discouraged, he had to head back for Hollywood again. Dry those tears, sister, it's too late now!

BECAUSE she's married to a famous husband, Pat Knight (Mrs. Cornel Wilde to you) receives several hundred



Fans give Van glad hand at première—and does he love it! Top, Beau-tie Sinatra, with Nancy, sweeps swoonderful glance fanward.

fan letters a month. Though she's been under contract at 20th Century-Fox for over a year, Pat still hasn't appeared on the screen. The rôle she tested for in "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now" went to Leonore Aubert. The studio is trying to



"The Razor's Edge" hero, Tyrone Power, with his big boss, Darryl Zanuck and wife, above. Below, the Doug Fairbanks, Jr., in step at the Mocambo.



find just the right part for Pat, who has a special brand of beauty all her own.

JUNE HAVER'S family is bustin' out all over with ambition. Her mother not only has turned agent, but she's opening a charm school. June's two sisters will be assistants. If they dig up another charmer of June's capabilities, they won't have anything to worry about.

"CONGRATULATIONS," said Peter Lawford to Esther Williams, when the news broke. "I hear you're expecting a little mermaid!"

Renewing acquaintance—or romance? Center, June Haver borrows Dave Rose's arm for the evening. Altar-wise gossips say wedding bells will tinkle for Laraine Allen and Xavier Cugat, above—as they already have for Evelyn Keyes and writer John Huston, at right.

WHAT a wave of memories when Joan Crawford swept into the Santa Monica Beach Club on Clark Gable's arm! They looked as handsome together and incidentally as happy, as when they made their unforgettable "Possessed," nearly 14 years ago. While this was their first public appearance, they say Clark has been a steady caller while the gossip columns were giving all the credit to Greg Bautzer, Tony Martin, Vic Hunter and a few others.



Two busy people, the Merediths—Paulette Goddard and Burgess—decorate the scene at recent opening. Burgess is busy playing in the Skirball-Manning production, "The Magnificent Doll," while his lovely wife has just returned from a trip to Europe, combining business, pleasure (buying Paris finery) and entertainment tour for servicemen in Germany.



THE HOUSE that held so many tender memories for Virginia Bruce has been sold. Deanna Durbin is the new owner and the purchase price, they say, was something. Virginia held on to the house that meant so much to her late husband, Jack Rubin. Trying to keep servants and find caretakers for the magnificent grounds finally got her down. 'Tis said her newest romance is a handsome Latin, who was going to produce that picture she *didn't* make in Mexico.

WHEN MICKEY ROONEY got a load of his dad, Joe Yule, in his rôle of Jiggs, in the movie version of the famous comic strip, "Bringing Up Father," Mickey whooped and hollered like a wild Indian. A "bald-headed" wig didn't look natural. So they shaved Yule's head down to the skull. "Just wait until I tell Jack Benny and Edgar Bergen!" ribbed Mickey.

CHESTER MORRIS was doing his magic act for a charity benefit. A fat, fussy lady in the front row talked all through the performance. "My dear lady," said Chester in a kindly manner, "I'll have to make one of us disappear. Which shall it be?" From then on he was allowed to perform undisturbed.

"THIS can't last," sighed John Lund when he read the rave notices that came in after the sneak preview of "To Each His Own," opposite Olivia De Havilland. John was so right. "You have a face like a floor mop," wrote one fan. He also has the humor to tell the story on himself.

ON THE hottest day of the year, Dorothy Lamour started shooting on "My Favorite Brunette," with Bob Hope. She was nervous, too, despite her ten-year record on the Paramount lot. But she had been away two years having a baby and getting acquainted with her new in-laws in the east. Typical of Hollywood, Dotty had to wear a mink coat all day. And—it will be a sarong in December, wait and see!

WITH the stork well on his way, Mark Stevens has a room filled with baby presents from admiring fans. Probably the one that thrills him most is a miniature identification bracelet that's engraved "Question Mark." And speaking of Mister Stevens, when "Anna and the King of Siam" was premiered at Grauman's Chinese Theater, the hysterical fans (waiting in the hot sun since noon) gave him a greeting second only to Irene Dunne's.



Martha Vickers

featured in

"THE BIG SLEEP"

A Warner Bros. Picture

Add glamour to your classic black frock!

Choose a necklace of DELTAH simulated pearls, so like precious Orientals in lustre and multi-colored iridescence . . . see how they bring a touch of luxury to your costume, emphasize the allure of your neckline. Earrings to match, beautify your ears, perk up your hair-do!

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*Once Chosen—
Always Treasured*



SCREENLAND *Salutes*

Night and Day

Cole Porter's marvelous music, Cary Grant's charm, Monty Woolley's humor and an all-star cast make this Warner Bros. motion picture sure-fire entertainment

Monte Woolley as the master-mind guiding the career of a young composer to fame and fortune gives his best screen performance. Wait until you hear him rendering Cole Porter's famous hit, "Miss Otis Regrets." Cary Grant, as Cole Porter, is colorful, convincing.

Highlights from the big Warner show: left, Mary Martin singing her memorable "My Heart Belongs to Daddy," the song that made her famous; Ginny Simms, below, really comes into her own in torchy numbers; Alexis Smith, with Cary Grant at right below, shines in tender rôle of the composer's wife.



Joan Crawford Looks to the Future

Continued from page 31

remind me of Napoleon." "Heaven forbid," answered Joan.

In addition to the self-evident differences between the dynamic American actress and the volatile French general, there is one highly important variant: Napoleon's activity was almost entirely destructive. Joan's preoccupation is frequently with the well-being of others. Any member of the circle of Joan's friends is certain to receive a note of congratulation (hand-written by Joan, not her secretary) upon a triumph, and a letter of sympathy or condolence in case of minor trouble. If the trouble should be major, Joan's would be the first telephone call offering assistance of every practical sort.

One of her undertakings that requires many-hours of time is her dedication to answering the hundreds of letters she receives each week from ex-G.I.s. During the war years, these men were stationed in every part of the world and wrote to Joan regularly, sending her souvenirs that she cherishes. Now that these men are out of uniform, many of them have continued their correspondence with Joan. Some letters (enough to indicate a trend) complain bitterly about the apparent forgetfulness of civilians. One chap wrote, "The thing that most of us can't get over is the fact that as soon as war was done, the average citizen forgot about it as promptly as possible and went about his business as if nothing had ever happened. To those of us who lost four years out of our lives, such an attitude seems cruel and ungrateful."

To writers of such letters, Joan sends an answer in keeping with her feeling about the future. She says that no one has forgotten the war, really, and that no one who lived through it will ever forget. She stresses the gratitude of all civilians to men who still wear uniform or to those whose contribution is now marked by a gold discharge button or a white cross in a foreign land. But, she adds, life goes on. It *must* go on. The past sinks into our national and our per-

sonal liberty, and we profit--God willing--from that experience. Sometimes war, inasmuch as it brings forth a new set of values and sets up a new ideal of conduct, is very much like childbirth. But a woman or a world determined to remember *only* the agony of such an ordeal would have betrayed the child of the future.

Joan's children are, of course, vital elements of her present and of her concept of the future. Christina and Christopher are enchanting children, deeply loved and carefully disciplined. Both are blue-eyed and blonde; Christina has been a thoughtful, quiet child until recently, but her association with Christopher—who is a curly-headed, dimpled extrovert—and careful handling by Joan have combined to encourage her sense of humor and her confidence in life. To Joan's delight, Christina showed an early interest in and aptitude for the piano. She began taking lessons when she was four and there was never any question of ordering or cajoling her to the piano. Actually, she had to be dragged away from the keyboard occasionally, or she would have practiced most of each day.

One evening recently, when Joan was having a bedtime chat with her daughter, Christina said with the enormous seriousness of the sincere small girl, "I think I've decided something, Mother dearest."

Joan accepted this statement with gravity. "Would you like to tell me about it?" she asked.

"I've been thinking that, if I may, I'd like to learn to play the harp." Joan took this seriously and is making arrangements for Christina to begin study of the instrument of her choice.

Don't gather the impression, from this anecdote, that Christina is a solemn youngster with prodigious inclinations. She is a normal little girl, possibly with a musical gift. When she is away from the piano, her favorite occupation is dressing up in a pair of her mother's size 4 shoes, plus one of the magnificent

Crawford hats, and strutting around "playing lady."

Christopher regards these antics with the indulgent amusement of the male. His most ardent interests at present are transportational. Whenever he hears a rumble of any kind, he investigates—through the apertures in a stout fence—the activity on the highway. Then he says with satisfaction, "There goes *my* dumptruck." Or "There goes *my* bulldozer." Or "There goes *my* firetruck." An ordinary passenger vehicle is of no interest unless its size is impressive. While he and Christina were spending the afternoon in the patio recently, Christopher ordered, "Take off that big hat and look at *my* B-29 going by."

Like any devoted parent, Joan is attempting to instill a concept of the cardinal virtues in her children. They know that, if they have made a mistake, a complete honesty about that mistake may avert punishment, but that a lie will bring discipline both for the mistake and for the untruth. They know that they are to assume responsibility for their misdeeds, and not try to lay the blame on someone else, or to alibi.

One morning Joan was awakened around five o'clock by a series of crashes. She was just deciding that the sound was actual and not part of a bad dream, when Christina burst into her mother's bedroom, saying breathlessly: "It's all my fault. I don't want you to blame Christopher. I want to take the responsibility." Conquering a normal impulse to send her daughter away until some more comfortable hour, Joan sat up and said, "Come over here and tell me all about it, darling."

It seems that Christina had awakened just as dawn was glimmering in her room, and couldn't go back to sleep. It occurred to her, despite a positive rule against getting out of bed until the nurse announced that the proper time had come, that it would be fun to sneak into Christopher's room to awaken him.

In order to open the Venetian blinds



"The Strange Woman"? Yes, indeed, when she can be as girlishly piquant as a nosegay of spring flowers at left, and as exotically mysterious as the black lace she wears, right. Hedy Lamarr plays each rôle to perfection.

so that she and Christopher could entice enough daylight into the room to play games, Christina had placed a small chair on top of a play table, had climbed up and manipulated the blinds. Then she lost her balance, jumped nimbly down without hurting herself, but had tipped the chair against a lamp. The lamp (with a Staffordshire base) had fallen against an antique vase, and before china and other fragile items had stopped breaking, a good deal of irreparable damage had been done.

"It's a dreadful mess, Mother dearest," Christina said valiantly, "and I'm awfully sorry."

Joan went at the problem without rancor. "What was your first mistake?" she asked.

Christina knew that answer. "Getting out of bed before I was supposed to."

"You see, it's the *first* mistake that caused all the rest," Joan reasoned. "If you had remained in bed, you wouldn't have disturbed your brother and you wouldn't have broken anything. So you must be punished for breaking a rule."

The punishment in this case consisted of two brisk spanks in a spot where no damage would be done, and orders to return to bed and to remain there until called. The discipline is sometimes more stringent; for major infraction of rules, the children have been denied permission to have a party, or to attend one to which they had been invited. But be-

fore any penalty is inflicted, Joan always makes certain that the youngsters know precisely *why* they are being punished and *how* to avoid a similar mistake in the future.

When Joan was tucking Christina in, the evening after the destructive occasion already described, Christina suddenly flung her arms around Joan's neck and buried her face in Joan's thick hair. In a muffled voice she said, "You love us, don't you, Mother dearest!"

Joan's arms closed around the slight body and she said with tenderness, "I love you with all my heart."

"I know it," Christina added, "because you want us to be good children. Nobody cares about bad children. And you only punish us so we will be the kind of children you love." It was a rich and rewarding moment for Joan.

She is steadfast in her desire to adopt two or four more children. The speed with which they may come into her home depends entirely on the speed with which the adoptive agency is able to acquire them. All of which brings up an amusing Crawford household incident.

Joan is an avid reader of the comics. Sometimes weeks go by during which she gets her news from the radio, and simply accumulates the daily papers until she can hop into bed early some evening and catch up on the further adventures of Dick Tracy, Li'l Abner, Brenda Starr, and Terry Lee. One evening she

extracted half an hour from her busy day, and—with an anticipatory smile—sorted a stack of papers in date order. One paper was missing. Joan hastened to her secretary, Miss Larson, and asked what had become of the dropped link. Miss Larson sighed sheepishly, and produced the paper from the depths of her desk. "I must confess that I hid it," she said. "And I had a good reason. In this issue there is a pathetic news story about triplets whose parents felt they couldn't give them proper care, so offered the three youngsters for adoption. There is a picture above the story, and those children are simply adorable. I knew that you'd insist on taking those babies if you saw the story, and I just didn't see how we could take care of them until we get additional help around the house. So I hid the paper. It's all right for you to know about it now, because the children are going to remain with their parents, and financial assistance is going to be provided for the family."

Of course Joan read the story. She agreed with Miss Larson: whether accommodations were perfect or not, she would have taken those children had they still been available.

Not ordinarily given to positive statements because she is well aware of the flexibility of fate, Joan recently said with finality that her plans for the future do not include marriage. Her reasons are many, but one cardinal motive is supplied by the belief that there are few men in the world who could share with Joan her enthusiasm for a ready-made family. The children are so important to her, they take up so much of her time and energy when she is away from the studio, that she can't imagine a man who could integrate himself happily into the household. Joan's friends refuse to accept this ultimatum. As a matter of fact, one of Joan's confidants has bet her a hundred dollars that she will be married before May 1, 1948.

Those of you who are psychic might gaze into the veiled future and make a few side bets. Joan is having a wonderful time meanwhile, dancing with several of Hollywood's eligible bachelors.

Whatever the future holds for Joan romantically may be in doubt; but its professional cornucopia is bulging. The Brothers Warner believe that Joan will again be nominated for the Academy Award, because of her work in "Humoresque," opposite John Garfield. This picture is heavy drama and makes enormous demand upon Joan's histrionic gifts. The story of a girl who has too much time on her hands, who has been hopelessly spoiled, who has never been thwarted in her life, its plot involves her with a stubborn violinist. Their love is as violent an element as lightning, and as vivid, despite the attempt of each to subdue the other. What happens when the character played by Joan decides that her battle is to be lost brings the film to a crashing close.

Her next picture is already in production: "Possessed." Raymond Massey and Van Heflin play the male leads.

It is evident that NOW is a rewarding time for Joan, personally, emotionally, and professionally. And she is facing the NOW that is to be, with enthusiasm.



Keenan Wynn takes leave of "No Leave, No Love" to visit Judy Garland on the set of MGM's musical, "Till the Clouds Roll By."

MISS MARGARET COLEMAN—She has luscious honey-gold bloneness, a bewitching soft-smooth complexion. Another charming Pond's bride-to-be, Miss Coleman is the daughter of the well-known Dr. and Mrs. George A. Coleman, of Philadelphia's fashionable "main-line" suburb Wynnewood, and is to be married to H. Stephen Casey, Jr., of nearby Wayne, Pennsylvania.



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You "cream-rinse" with a second thick Pond's creaming. Spin 25 little Pond's Cold Cream engagement rings up over your face. Tissue off.

You tingle your clean, clean face with a good splash of cold water. Blot dry.

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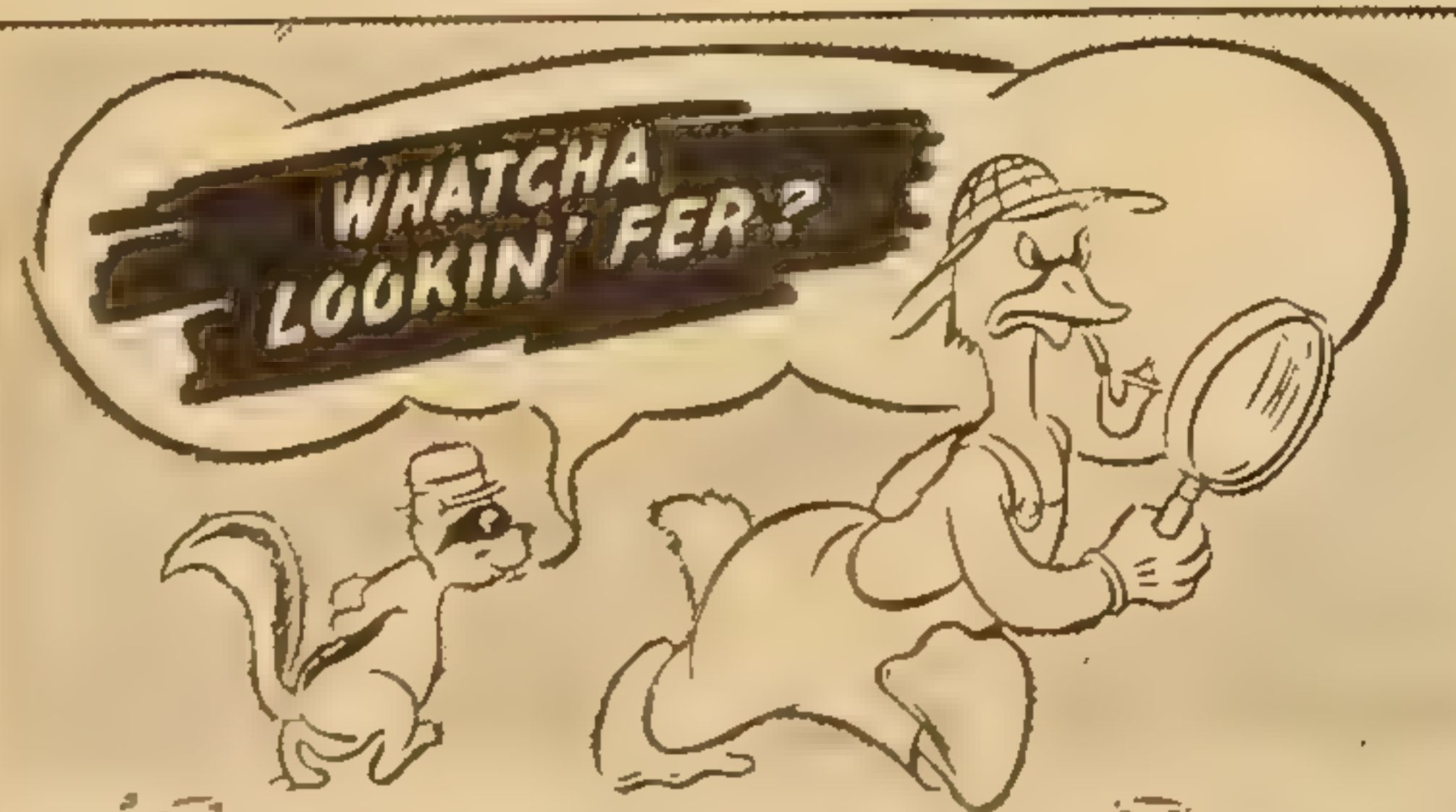


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It's No Life for a Sissy

Continued from page 48

Ella Raines, not by a long shot. You couldn't find a more direct and forthright girl, nor a more likable one.

"You don't get anywhere in this business," she said, "unless you know what you want and stand up for what you think is right. I don't mean you have to fight, fight, fight all the time, and you can't go around with a chip on your shoulder. But I think you have to have spirit, and let people know that you have spirit. I've *always* been a fighter," she confessed amiably. "I think I get it from my Paw, who's a fighting Irish logger. When I was a child, I had innumerable hairbrushes broken over me, but my mother says it seemed to do no good. That fighting spirit has got me into a lot of trouble—and out of it again, too.

"But I don't have tantrums any more—and for only one reason: because I found that made me feel worse than the person I was fighting with. If I get into a real temper, I am tired and upset for two or three days afterwards, so I've learned not to do that. If something makes me angry, I try to work it off some other way. One day I got mad at Scotty (her secretary) about something silly she had said to somebody else. I knew if I started talking about it right then, I'd lose control. So I went upstairs and cleaned up my room. I turned everything inside out and upside down, and then straightened things out again. Just about the time I finished, Scotty came upstairs and asked what on earth I was doing. By that time I was too tired to get into a temper, so I talked the matter over with her quietly, and it worked out all right.

"I'm really happy-go-lucky by nature, and I don't carry a gripe or grudge more than two minutes. But I think the reason I have the reputation of getting mad easily may be that people think I'm mad sometimes when I'm really not—I'm just excited. I'm liable to shout, 'Why, I *can't* do that by three o'clock, that's *impossible!*' or something like that, when people want me to do something. I probably sound mad, but I'm really not. It's just the way I talk when I get excited.

"I think it's always good to be diplomatic in business conferences, and I certainly don't believe in making scenes. When you lose your temper, you're always at a disadvantage. I try to get them to see things my way by just explaining my reasons. Of course, sometimes they think I'm stubborn, and if they get mad and start yelling at me, I just sit there and laugh at them. Actually, it *does* amuse me to see grown-up men pacing the floor and screaming at young girls. But the thing is never to let yourself out completely. Then they're never quite sure just how far you could go. They've never been sure just how far I could go. But you've always got to let them feel that assertion, drive, *termination* within you."

Even in a casual meeting, you sense, back of that slow-burning charm, a tre-

mendous strength of will. It's not so much an aggressive quality as it is an inner fortification against outward pressure. According to all indications and reports, Ella has herself sized up pretty accurately. She doesn't go out of her way to look for trouble. But if trouble gets in her path and tries to block it, trouble will have to take what it gets—and that's plenty.

When asked about the one-woman sit-down strike she was reported to have staged to get the kind of rôles she wanted, her first reply was, "I've never once been on suspension," and she leaned forward to knock wood on the coffee table. But there was that impish gleam in her eyes again.

"But you have refused rôles?"

"That I have," she admitted, with a laugh that suggested this was the understatement of the year. Then she went on: "What I wanted was to do something closer to my own personality. I had done several rôles in succession that were of similar emotional tone, all rather serious, like 'Phantom Lady,' 'The Suspect,' 'Uncle Harry.' I got tired of this. I don't know whether I'm a comedienne or not, but I love to have fun and laugh, and I wanted a rôle that would allow me to participate in the fun. The picture I've just finished, 'The Runaround,' represents just about everything I'd wanted. I've never had so much fun at work. It's a grand story, the people in it were wonderful to work with, and we had such a good time on the set that I could hardly wait to get there each morning. I don't get a swanky wardrobe in this one—in fact, my wardrobe for the whole picture consists of two suits and a bath towel! Of course," she added, with that honesty that won't allow her to spare the horses, nor Ella, "I put up a little fight about this story, too. When they first gave me the script to read last January, I thought it was a good story, but there were a lot of things about it that I wasn't exactly satisfied with. I took it to my agent and talked to him about it, and he agreed with me. He called the studio and told them what I wanted changed. I guess the studio hit the ceiling, but they did it.

"They had Sam Hellman rewrite the story, and when it was finished, I liked it much better, all except the ending. So I said to the producer, 'Wouldn't it be nice if we could have something just a little different from the usual clinch and fadeout for the ending—something sort of cute and unusual?' 'Well,' he *screamed*. 'Look!' he said. 'What more do you want for a finish than a kiss? We've had one of our best writers do this script. And now you say you don't like the finish. If you don't like the finish, write one yourself!' So I *did*, and they used it. Instead of just a clinch, you see Rod Cameron and me, standing on the edge of the swimming pool, and as we go into the final clinch, we lean slowly toward the pool and fall in, without breaking up the clinch."

A little matter like dashing-off a new

finish for a script would be no problem to Ella, who has almost as many talents as she has ideas. Her current hobby is painting—pictures, not furniture. She has never taken any lessons, but discovered about two years ago what a lot of fun it is to dabble in colors, so has been devoting her spare time to it ever since, with very interesting results. Her pictures are characterized by unusual shades of color, with pinks and greens predominating, and by that same impish sense of humor that is so close to the surface in her conversation. One of her favorites is a circus scene which hangs beside the fireplace in her living room. In the background, done in convincing detail, are the usual tents and wagons (on one of which is a sign reading: 'Ella Fatima Raines'), and the foreground features the amazingly similar derrières of a huge pink elephant and an oversized red-headed clown. Ella doesn't take her painting very seriously, but she has a lot of fun doing it.

"One of my greatest faults," she says, "is that I don't do anything well, but I can always get by. I studied piano for eight years, and I don't keep it up. I only play by spells. Of course, if I go somewhere and hear somebody play exceptionally well, then I get all inspired, and start practicing like mad for a while. But I don't follow through—that's what my parents always told me. It's too easy for me just to pick up enough to get by, which is very bad. I remember one time when I was in New York, I was walking in Central Park with a man whom I admired very much. A woman came riding through the park on horseback, and he watched her and said a lot of complimentary things about the way she rode. I had ridden horses all my life, but I had no form. So-o-o, immediately after that, I started taking lessons."

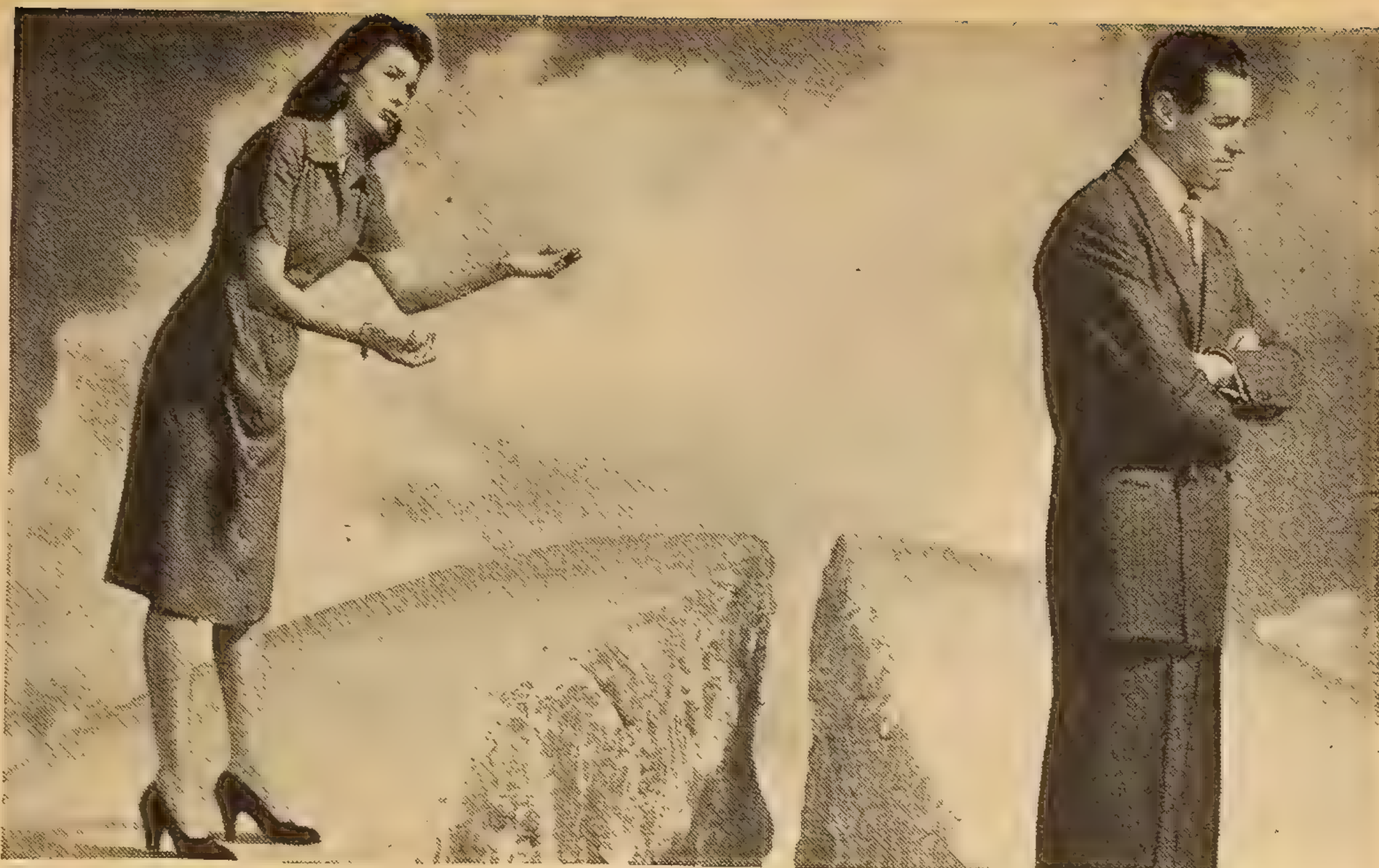
"Doesn't this versatility make it difficult to stick to acting sometimes?" she was asked.

"No," said Ella, "acting is different. That's my business. All these other things are just sidelines. But there's one thing about acting that's wonderful for a woman. You can be as inconsistent as anything, being an actress, because no two rôles are alike. In fact, no two days are alike. That's what I love about it."

With just time to catch her breath after making "The Runaround," Ella went back to work in "White Tie and Tails"—a Fessier and Pagano comedy which gives her a wholesale order of fun to participate in, an out-of-this-world wardrobe designed by Yvonne Wood, and a completely reformed Dan Duryea as the romantic lead. This all adds up to just what the little gal wanted, and once again, Ella's whistling while she works.

Since her divorce from Major Kenneth Trout, Ella has dated many of Hollywood's eligible males, but her most constant companion these days is Rod Cameron, who plays opposite her in "The Runaround." If they're engaged, they're not admitting it, but Hollywood considers them but definitely "an item."

Another of Ella's close pals is a blond Cocker spaniel named Bunny, who, though cordial to everybody, is never away from Ella's side for more than a minute if he can help it.



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about feminine hygiene but risking haphazard care. My doctor set me right. He said feminine hygiene is important to a happy marriage... recommended "Lysol" brand disinfectant for douching—always.



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"Do you want to see Bunny salute?" asked Ella. Then she held a cracker up in front of him, and Bunny promptly sat up on his hind feet, reaching one front paw high up in the air in a snappy salute. "You ought to see Bunny when we're at dinner," she added. "He sits there and salutes all through the meal. By the time we finish, he's all worn out!"

Ella, as you know, was born and raised in Snoqualmie Falls, Washington, where her father was an engineer for a northwest warehousing company. She graduated from the University of Washington, majoring in dramatics and psychology. "But that doesn't mean I'm any brainstorm," says Ella. "I just barely got through, and the main thing I learned was how to have fun the easiest way."

Her father has now retired, and he and her mother are living in Hollywood, though not with Ella. "My parents have been so much help to me," she says, "in just leaving me alone. They have never tried to advise or make decisions for me. If I went crying to them about anything, they would just say, 'Well, I suppose that's the price of youth. You'll just have to straighten yourself out and make your own decision.'"

"Do you think a small town background is a help or hindrance to an actress?" she was asked.

"Actually, I don't believe the kind of place you come from has a thing to do with how you get on in this business," replied Ella. "I do think life in small towns is more basic, but I may be partial because I came from one. I think people in cities are more frank, and you don't find the gossip here that you do in small towns. People in cities are too busy for gossip. I think it's very hard for young people to keep their balance sometimes when they first get into this business. They get caught up in an exciting world—people going to the races, swanky nightclubs, premières and things like that. Sometimes they forget that the wonderful things in life aren't represented by race tracks and mink coats. All those things are fun and exciting. I love them, too, once in a while. But I think silly things like beach parties are more fun. Foolish things amuse me much more than chi-chi."

"Of course, when I go to New York, I'm the biggest tourist in town. I take my very best clothes and try to be a glamor girl. I go to nightclubs and plays. And when I have an interview, I wear my best looking negligée. I get it all out of my system while I'm there, and when I leave, I'm so tired of it I never want to see the place again—until next time."

"If I were to give any advice to young girls getting started on a movie career, it would be this: Get some education—and keep your face clean. By education, I mean good general education—the kind anybody can get by studying everything you have time for, by reading, and by observation. And by keeping your face clean, I mean just that. Some of these young girls go around with makeup an inch thick on their faces. They seem to think that by wearing a lot of makeup and black dresses they can give the impression that they are very sophisticated. If they could only be natural, just be

themselves! There's nothing so attractive as a clean face, clear lipstick, and well brushed, well groomed hair. And they should always try to be simply dressed, nicely dressed. The days of ultra sophistication are gone, I believe. The smartest women in America today are getting away from it. The trend, in both appearance and manner, is toward simplicity and naturalness. I don't believe it helps a girl's career in this business the least bit to have temperamental spells and be difficult. But I do think you have to have drive and assertion to get along."

"Do you think people in this business are quick to take advantage of anyone who lacks that assertion?" she was asked.

"Yes, they are," she drawled, with a quizzical smile. "You said it! But that's no more true in this business than in any other business involving a lot of money. You see, there are always certain people whose aim in life is money. I don't care if they're that way, it doesn't bother me. But you have to know that there are people like that and know how to deal with them. Those are the people that are always trying to maneuver you into decisions that favor them. I don't mean that you have to be suspicious of everybody. It isn't so much a matter of being on guard all the time as it is of being alert, alert to both opportunities and disadvantages."

"I think really the toughest thing about this business is making your own decisions, and that you *have* to do. Lots of people will advise you, or try to, and you'll hear so many different opinions that you finally realize nobody *can* advise you—that you have to learn to make your own decisions, and learn fast. That's awfully hard for youngsters who've never had to decide things for themselves before. But I don't mean, by all this, that I have any complaints. I've been very well treated at Universal, and I'm very grateful. They've given me the best of everything—good stories and directors, wardrobe, makeup, photography, and everything. I've had wonderful breaks, and I know it. I haven't a thing to complain about."

Which ought to be welcome, if surprising news to those who have come off second best from a difference of opinion with the little (but oh, my!) Raines girl.



Catherine McLeod, Frank Borzage's new discovery who'll star in, "I've Always Loved You," learns Arthur Rubinstein's piano technique. In one easy lesson?

Lightning Strikes a Star

Continued from page 33

Frank Capra, one of Hollywood's most un-blind men, saw "Expendable." He omitted any kind of test and negotiated six weeks with MGM to borrow Donna (that was Lightning Bolt No. 2—and shining!) to co-star with Jimmy Stewart in "It's A Wonderful Life."

That may be the most important Hollywood picture of many years! Do those seem tall words? Consider the birth and nature of "It's A Wonderful Life." True, as you'd expect of a Capra picture, it features laughter, heart-pull, high imaginative quality. But it makes history, too. It's the first film to be delivered under a shoot-the-works venture by three movie-making giants—Capra, William Wyler and George Stevens. They're trying to strip forever the "Factory-Made" tag from Hollywood movies. Each man—they've formed a company—will produce and direct three pictures in three years. Each man will be entirely his own boss—on story, casting, shooting-time.

Capra all movie-goers know from such pictures as "It Happened One Night," "Lost Horizon," "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town," "Mr. Deeds Goes to Washington" and "You Can't Take It With You." Five of William Wyler's biggies are "Mrs. Miniver," "Wuthering Heights," "Dead End," "Jezebel" and "The Little Foxes." George Stevens' hits include "Alice Adams" (breaking a long jinx for Katharine Hepburn), "Penny Serenade," "Gunga Din," "The More The Merrier" and "Woman of the Year."

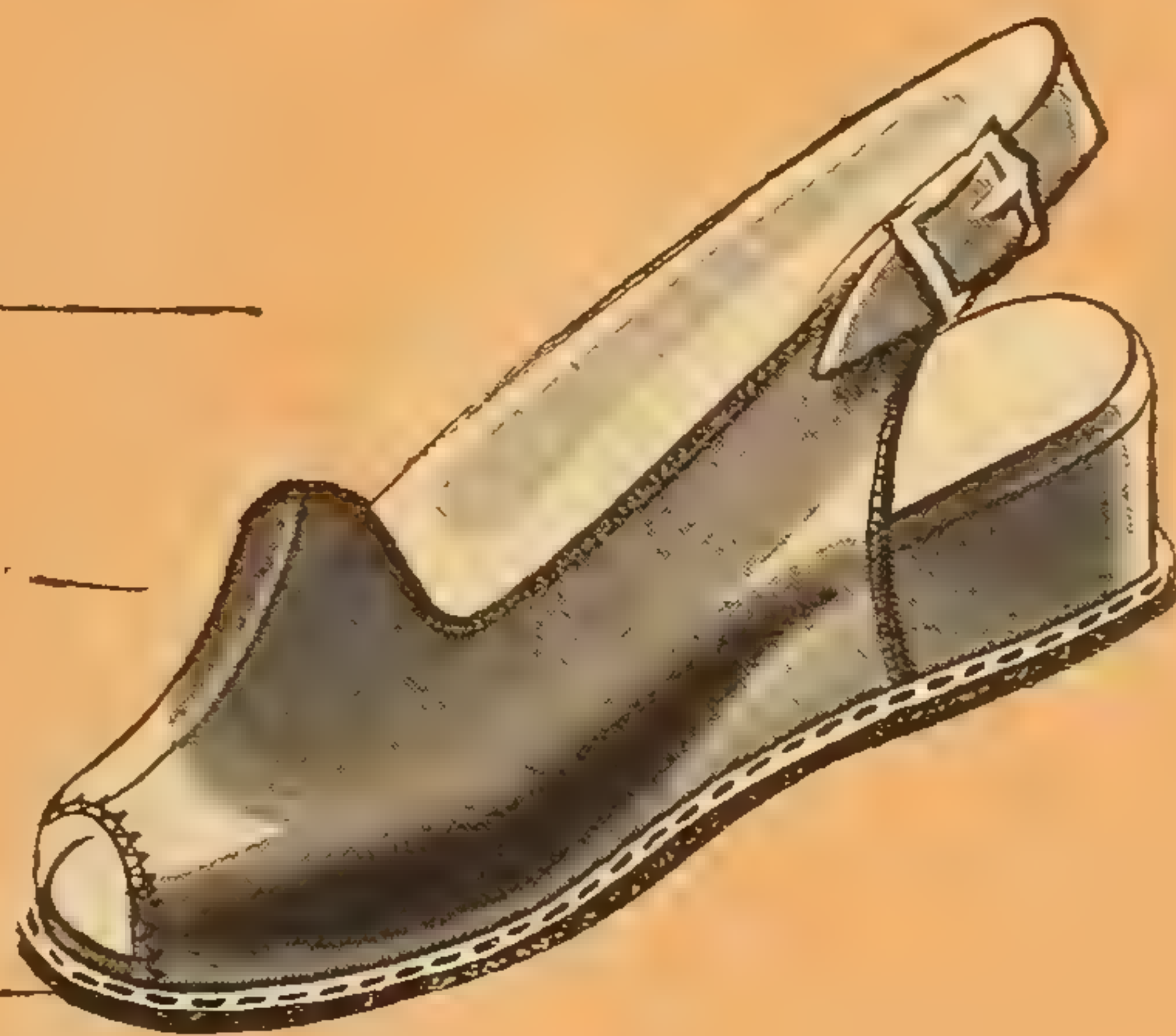
Now these three topfliers are risking three years out of their lives, plus their reputations, plus their saved-up capital, to prove that each can "pass a movie miracle," if people will let 'em alone. Do you get that matter of importance? "It's A Wonderful Life" is the first picture of this let's-make-original-movies crusade. It's also Capra's first since his brilliant war service, Jimmy Stewart's first since his.

So we come back to our heroine, ex-cow-milking, vegetable-canning, bed-making, butter-churning Donna. No wonder this delectable bit of feminine Americana—one Farmer's Daughter who never needed to meet a Traveling Salesman—walks these days in a happy trance. Donna's noted for *not* being vain, yet she must recall how Capra once lightning-sparked, in a history-making comedy, an earlier young lady's electrical career. Picture, "It Happened One Night;" lady, Claudette Colbert!

Donna's a girl who found herself in the movies mostly by chance and almost against her will. Being in, she was off to a shining start, making it seem strange when luck, for a little while later, seemed to darken her skies. Her first bright break was when Metro, having given her careful pre-camera training, cast her as a droopy drip (whom Mickey Rooney as Andy brightened up, and how) in "Courtship of Andy Hardy." One usually hardboiled New York critic expressed a hunch—which Mickey in his screen characterization and personality and Metro



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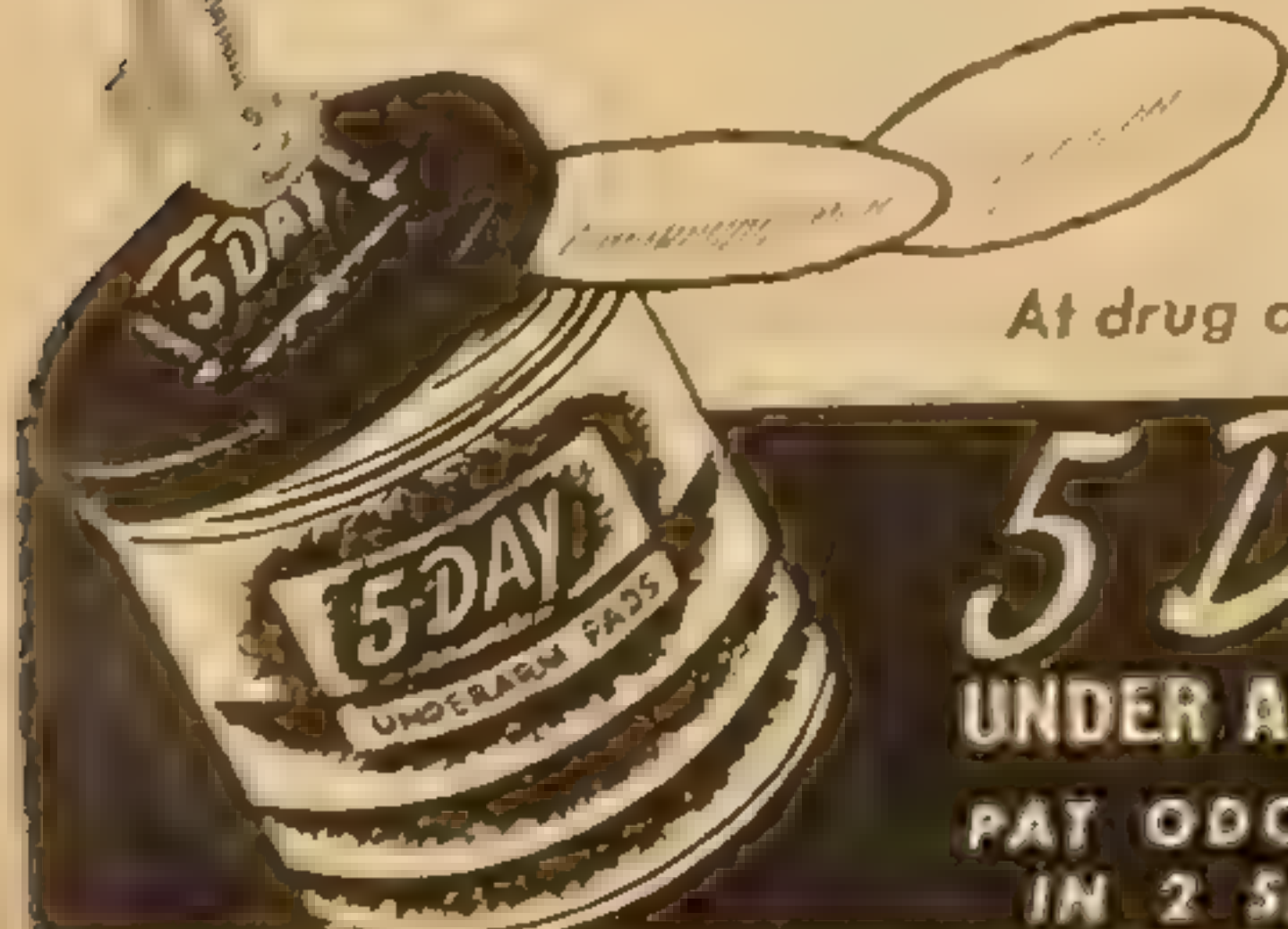
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June Preisser, featured in Monogram's teen-age series, finds life can be beautiful—but busy—with her hubby, radio announcer Dick Terry, and two-year-old Richard Terry III.

"in conference" warmly shared—that enacting a drip wasn't this girl's destined fate. The New York critic threw his hat, and practically his typewriter, in the air: "Look out for this Donna Reed. You'll see her soon playing *Joan of Arc* or *Juliet!*" Paeans like that caused a Hollywood trade-paper editor to chuckle in type: "The principal romance in the picture seems to have been between the critics and Donna." And the manager of the world-famous Grauman's Chinese Theater, on Hollywood Boulevard, broke a record, startling the town. On the great electric sign beside the theater's entrance, he put "Courtship's" two ranking names in puny lights, like this:

M Rooney L Stone

And under them, in light-letters four feet high:

DONNA REED

That remains the world's most remarkable third billing!

Donna was then actively discussed for the principal supporting rôle in "Random Harvest." Your reporter wrote at that time, "If Miss Reed gets it she will have to lure Ronald Colman right up to the altar—though Greer Garson wants him. That will require not only beauty but convincing *quality*—and Miss Reed has them."

The rôle went to another young actress (remember that moving scene of renunciation in the church?) possessed of every qualification—lovely Susan Peters. Because, like everyone else who knows Susan, Donna loves her, and because there isn't an ounce of sulk in the Iowa Eyeful, anyway, our heroine forgot the

flown-away part and tucked in to continue studying: speech, posture, dancing and French. (She still does, but how on earth can she expect to use that French on the screen, being as American as she is?) Donna, during the three years that followed, just kept right on being her nice self. No credit is due there—the girl can't help it!

Patience was often needed. Some of Donna's casting luck would have discouraged the average star aspirant. For example, she would draw the lead in a medium-budget picture. But meanwhile the Front Office would be setting her up for a valuable rôle in a triple-A production. Unavoidable shooting delays, unforeseeable by anyone, would slow the medium-budget picture. Could the triple-A picture be held up to wait for her free date? Be reasonable!

Some of Donna's leads would be in pictures where the nature of the story *required* that the hero be more importantly highlighted (as in the delightful "See Here, Private Hargrove"); other times she'd have a fine rôle, but it wouldn't run all the way through. An instance of the latter type was the film, "The Picture of Dorian Gray," in which she had a "fat" part but only in the last reels. The character was introduced, really, so the audience could grit its teeth and mutter: "I can't stand it if that rat"—Hurd Hatfield as *Dorian*—"gets that nice girl!"

"Dorian" exceeded its shooting schedule just long enough to prevent Donna from reporting in time for another whopping big rôle. But then Metro gave

her the wonderful break on the home lot, of the rôle in "They Were Expendable" under John Ford's direction. That was Lightning Bolt No. 1. Now, the Capra lead—Bolt No. 2. No wonder Donna is trance-walking these days! Once more, for her, "It's A Wonderful Life," for Fate has always caused her, in every endeavor, to seem to miss and then to come shiningly through.

That farm background is no press agent's dream. Donna cooked, dish-washed, ironed, churned, canned and preserved. From Age Eleven to Age Fifteen she milked, each morning and evening, *three* cows. Oldest of four children, she found herself, when she adopted a baby girl this summer, still a skillful hand with a diaper. And, if you want some Denison, Iowa, lowdown our star, as a child, was a Fatty and a Towhead.

Maybe you love those single-minded girls who keep their eye on nothing but career. Skip Donna! Her first seem-to-miss-and-then-hit episode concerned itself, true enough, with acting. But her motivation wasn't single-minded. The best-looking boy at Denison High appeared a cinch, her junior year, to play the lead in the annual school play. Donna wanting to date him as only a tow-headed Fatty could yearn, figured only one chance to attract his attention. She tried for the rôle opposite him; a slim redhead won it—and dates.

Next year, her senior, Donna (1) slimmed; (2) saved her pickle-and-pin money and engaged the only local dramatic coach; (3) became Mr. Handsome's leading lady; (4) dated the gent

—steady. (and she looks so quiet, too!) Besides those dates, Donna's main ambition was to train for some profession where she *wouldn't* have to get up at 5:30 or 6:00 in the morning. (That seems a laugh now, as any movie star can tell you!) She chose business administration, and an aunt in Los Angeles wrote: "Why don't you come out and stay with me, going to college here a couple of years? Then you can return to Iowa and finish at the University." Donna accepted, enrolling at the College of the City of Los Angeles.

Now—observe again how lightning misses her, then hits. Carey Wilson, steerer-in-chief of the famous *Andy Hardy* pictures at MGM, had long followed the practice, before each script was written, of inviting several students from Los Angeles high schools and colleges to spend a day on the lot. MGM-ers listened for hints of new customs, preferences and language-quirks among the teen-agers, so that the next "Andy" film would be up-to-date. Donna, back in 1940, was chosen by City College to accept one of these invitations, spent a quietly observant day on the lot—and scarcely opened her mouth! None of the studio's talent experts accorded her a second glance. Mickey Rooney, at lunch that day, concentrated a thoughtful, or maybe hungry, eye on the several plates of beans he consumed!

But—when Donna, at the beginning of her senior year, was elected "Queen of the Campus," and a Hollywood paper front-paged her photograph, two agents phoned and three studios (but not

MGM) invited her for interviews "and possible tests." Donna replied "No, thanks!" and meant it. She added: "I know—a 'long-term' contract, with an option at the end of six months, and by then the studio's probably forgotten you." Later she countered, to a persistent agent: "You pay for two months' intensive training by Hollywood's best dramatic coach—*then* I'll take a test." Word of this unprecedented common-sense flew around and four studios, when the training "polish" had been laid on, proved eager to test. But not MGM!

Donna—aren't women wonderful?—told her agent: "I'd rather test at MGM."

"Why?"

"I want to see if Mickey Rooney is as sour-puss and pepleless as he was the day I had lunch at the table with him."

MGM's test, carefully done by all concerned discovered Donna, and Donna discovered that Mickey must indeed have been having an off day that other time. Today she recalls with gratitude the already established star's kindness and good-natured raillery. Plus his genuine, patient help in getting her through the "Courtship" rôle that blazoned her name in four-foot light-letters outside Grauman's Chinese Theater. ("Isn't the world odd?" Donna recalls. "I never saw Mickey, even once again, after that first day, in any mood except zip, eager kindness and fun!")

Donna's seem-to-miss-and-then-hit habit accompanies her, apparently, in every phase of life. Her first marriage, to William Tuttle, MGM makeup man.



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in January, 1943, proved brief. Mention of her second, in July, 1945, to Anthony Owen, formerly with the agency that handles Donna's career (he's left that job to launch out as an independent producer) brings lights into the ex-milkmaid's eyes that make them match her golden-brown hair. The Owens dwell in a sort of patched-over house (starting with what one could get, in war days) on Santa Monica beach, and the "patching over" made of it a home into which you walk and say to yourself, "I'd like to live here." Dark green walls, chintz-bordered windows pouring in light and sea-view, bright red rugs, brass-work, chintz flowering again on chairs, and affectionately chosen early American pieces combine to induce a verdict: "This is right for Donna."

For Tony, too. The obviously happy couple represent two widely different phases of American development and life: Donna, the Iowa pioneering; battling against weather, kinship to the tranquil earth, serenity drawn from wide skies; Tony, the colorful, imported civilization (pioneering, too) of his native New Orleans, with a temperament that matches his brunette good looks, his quick movements, quick thought. If "like and unlike" make for married happiness, the future of these two glows rosily. Take temperament. "I'm one of these people," says Donna, "who has to analyze, ponder, change my mind, maybe, a few times, before reaching a decision. Tony's choices in life spring like you'd lit a rocket-flare."

Talking with more animation than seems usual with her on any subject

but Tony, she went on: "I'll give you an example. A friend of mine, who had worked all the way through on the atomic bomb project, wrote me asking if I didn't think the American people ought to know more about the making, and power, of the bomb. And didn't I think it was a grand subject for a movie? I mulled the idea over for a few hours, feeling more and more confused and weighted down. So many considerations were involved! Tony came home. I showed him the letter. 'Let's get this man on the telephone, right away!' 'But Tony,' I protested, 'you don't know what kind of story could be done—whether Washington would okay a fictional treatment—whether any company wants to make such a picture.' Tony repeated, 'Get your friend on long distance.' They talked. A few hours later Tony had interested Metro. A few hours after that, he and Sam Marx, a famous producer and fine person, were on a plane, bound for Oak Ridge, Tennessee, where atomic energy was first freed."

Donna's husband's flare for immediate action led to the birth of "The Beginning or the End," which MGM considers one of that studio's most important projects in many years. Had the flight to Oak Ridge been delayed forty-eight hours, another producer would have had the idea and the necessary authorization sewed up! Donna now regards with proper respect what she used to think was "just Tony's impulsiveness." "I guess," she grins, "if the suggestions had waited on me for action, the world would have moved on to jet-propelled raindrops, or something else equally new and



William Eythe, in London to make "Meet Me at Dawn," meets his next leading lady, Hazel Court, at the press reception given in his honor at the Dorchester Hotel.

sensational before I finally got up atomic steam!"

Talking with Donna, as your reporter did, after a four-year gap, it's interesting to note how unaffectedly she remains the Iowa girl who's had luck—when you add it all up—and who's willing to work to keep on having it. Her tastes are delightfully unsophisticated. In music she likes classical *and* popular, but her classical side doesn't yearn for Beethoven and Tchaikovsky. Her favorites are Paganini's Violin Concerto, Rachmaninoff's Concerto No. 2, for piano, and Rachmaninoff's "Variations On A Theme From Paganini." Consistent, isn't she! But she's also an addict of Burl Ives, famous singer of folk songs.

Donna's not a type who analyzes herself, no matter how much she may analyze *problems*. Questions about her own likes or characteristics always evoke an answer accompanied by a surprised look, as if she were discovering something about herself she hadn't noticed. Asked what she likes to eat, she said, somewhat startled: "Why, I never think much about it. I don't even remember what I *have* eaten."

"Maybe," it was suggested, "helping around the kitchen when you were a youngster, makes food symbolize work to you rather than pleasure."

"For heaven's sake!" agreed Donna, after a creased frown of thought. "I guess that's right."

"How about Tony and food?"

"Oh, he loves it. All kinds. He loves life. Don't forget, he's from New Orleans!"

Donna's biggest social thrill to date was a dinner in Washington, D. C., where she went to attend the world premiere of "They Were Expendable." At Commander Ford's table sat Major General Groves, head of the atomic project; Admiral Nimitz, who, with General MacArthur, accepted the surrender of the Japanese, and Justice Douglas, of the U. S. Supreme Court. Admiral Nimitz fluttered Donna considerably by autographing a photo of the famous scene on the Battleship Missouri, drawing a line from the margin to his world-known face and adding, "This is me." Then he practically passed the guest of honor out by telling her the pen he was using was the one with which he signed the acceptance of the historic surrender!

Those were big doings for our Donna. Yet, when your reporter asked what is her greatest secret wish, she answered promptly, "To meet Bing Crosby. He's my dream man." Then after she had paid due compliments to several famous actresses, we asked, "Which one do you most like to read about?" "Oh," she answered, without hesitation, "Shirley Temple. I read every word I see written about her. She's always been a love of mine."

Her favorite recreation? "Dancing. I never knew what dancing really was, though, till I danced with Tony!"

Of course, the biggest thrill of all, in the Owens' recent history, has been the adoption of the baby daughter. Capra, just as this article was going to print, gave Donna leave to fly to Chicago and come home with a bundle that will truly

change life for the eager foster parents.

It's difficult for Donna to realize just how big a star she is, now. She didn't realize it even when MGM, which was planning a rôle for her as important as the one in "They Were Expendable," told her concerning the proposed Capra deal, "Go—and good luck to you. We'll roll out the red carpet when you come back." Donna merely thought the Metro executives were being "sweet."

This truly un-selfconscious girl (maybe if you don't root for yourself all the time, other people will root for you) didn't even ask, when her name came up, to see the script of the mysterious "It's A Wonderful Life." (The story idea is, by the way, unique—as is Capra's lifting it from a Christmas leaflet sent him by a friend. That leaflet was titled simply "A Christmas Gift," and Capra's story develops its markedly original theme: A discouraged young father is moved by his troubles to wish aloud that he had never been born. He *gets his wish* but the spirit that would have been he is allowed to return and observe what has happened to the people who *would* have filled his life. Who married the wife that *would* have been his? What children are there, instead of *his*, and what is their fate? Apply this kind of

breath-taking speculation to your own life and the people you love! That's what we meant by saying the picture will be compounded of laughter, heart-pull and high imaginative quality.)

Yes, every actress of any importance, except Donna, would have asked, early, to see that script. Donna didn't; she was too busy, during those six weeks while negotiations went on, holding her breath. She only wanted to know *one* thing about the script, anyway—other than that, the name Capra was enough. Eventually Capra *invited* her to come over and see the script. Donna knew this must mean that the contract deal was virtually concluded. When the noted director handed her the blue-bound pages, she kept saying to herself, "My hands mustn't tremble." Quickly she looked at the first page, turned feverishly to the last.

"May I inquire," asked the amused Capra, "what you are doing?"

"Oh, Mr. Capra!" she said. "I *had* to look! I'm in the beginning *and* the end!"

That's our Donna's test for a script. Now, if someone will just get her an introduction to Bing Crosby—!

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This Is What I Believe

Continued from page 35

I conceive Abou's to have been than it would to limit my quest for spiritual experience to merely a perfect attendance-record at church. There are some rabidly regular church-goers who are plenty guilty of disregarding what they heard on Sunday in the week-day contacts of their personal and business lives.

My views are as patently unorthodox as they are sincere. But I give them with no apology.

Life: If there were a motto I used as a sort of behavior guide I suspect it would be "Good will is the product of many acts and can be lost by one." I don't know who authored it. I guess I place a fairly extravagant emphasis on the importance of good will. I do know I value it more highly than most folks. But it is really important to me to feel that I have deserved the liking of my friends, associates, co-workers, my bosses and those who see my pictures.

Because I sincerely try to avoid saying or doing things that might hurt people or make them dislike me personally I am accused of leaning over backwards in my efforts to please people. Maybe I do. But I'm pleasing myself, too. It pleases me to be liked. Like any guy, I have had plenty of opportunity to get into violent disagreements. Every time I have taken advantage of that kind of an opportunity, I have felt lousy for a couple of weeks afterward. I haven't the talent of speaking with an unvarnished disregard of the other fellow's viewpoint and avoiding his resentment at the same time.

Now take Katharine Hepburn, for instance. My co-star in "Undercurrent" has that talent to an impressive degree. Katie manages to speak her very agile mind without inhibitions and without offense. Instead of disliking Miss H for being "blunt," people love her for her directness. If she doesn't like certain lines, she doesn't Dale-Carnegie-up the joint with "Don't you think that perhaps these lines could be improved?" She says, "They stink!" No one minds. They expect that kind of frankness from Katharine Hepburn. Let Taylor try the same thing and what do you have? "What the hell are you grouching about!" And a dirty look, chances are, to boot.

My Miss Stanwyck has the frankness talent beyond anyone I know. I've heard Barbara speak her mind with a sizzling clarity upon more than one occasion. I've thought, "That is, for sure, the end of a beautiful friendship." It never has been yet. I can admire that talent for unadulterated outspokenness. I can wish I had it. But I'll be damned if I can practice myself into a reasonable facsimile of it.

I decided I'd train myself along those lines while I was in the Navy. I practiced squawking over everything I didn't like. Nobody got sore. As a matter of fact, nobody seemed to notice. I thought I'd achieved my goal and was returning to Hollywood a changed man. But I haven't squawked since I got back. I've been tempted, but not a squawk have I

registered. I remind myself that I'm no longer in the Navy and now a squawk might spawn an argument. And I loathe arguments—except on two subjects, as I said before.

Does that make me a defeatist? I'm not sure it does. After all, in my estimation there are two ways to get what you want. Fighting everybody to get it—or making people like you enough to give it to you. I like people enough to have a complete preference for the second path. I don't go for some of the parts I've played at all. I'm sick to the teeth of being a quiet young man. I want a good gutty part for a change. I have no conviction that I could battle my way into getting such a rôle. If I have to, I will. But I sure as hell hope the studio will wake up and give me one without any such violent measures on my part. It would be a happy day, that it would!

Death: I believe we go this way but once. That our full record is completed in this one life span. So I have no casual attitude toward death. I do not want to die young. I do not want to waste one day of the time I am to have here.

Undoubtedly, my feeling that harmony is so important and at least a part of the high value I place on being well regarded by people stem from my confidence that this lifetime is my only chance for happiness and accomplishment. Certainly this belief is responsible for my conviction that my life should be lived according to the best standards I know, because I believe we are punished right here and now, and not in some vague hereafter for the wrong we do here.

I admit a deep bewilderment when utterly fine people—and we all know numberless such—are victims of suffering. The idea that suffering is in punishment for wrongdoing won't hold up. To me there is no explanation which can make me understand some of the dire things which happen to those who have lived deeply righteous and unselfish lives. Speculation about it, wonder about it accounts for some of my arguments about religion. There must be an answer. It must be an answer of spiritual proportions. I hope I'll find it.

My parents were very young when they married. They were very much in love and their love was the beautiful devoted kind of caring which endured through the years. As a result I grew up in a home which was rich in harmony. I got the full benefit of all the best my parents knew. Mother and Dad would have been good even if they'd never gone near a church. But they did go to church every Sunday and I went to Sunday School as a boy. I learned a code of conduct from my parents, first. It was confirmed in what I learned at Sunday School. I believe children should go to regular Sunday services. Too often, I'm afraid, only in Sunday School will some youngsters get any spiritual guidance at all. Where parents don't supply the proper training the churches can and do and must make up the deficiency. Vari-

ous youth organizations throughout the country are the kids' own answer to the criticism of their "wildness." And it's a pretty reassuring type of answer.

When I argue religion I am not quarreling with the other fellow's concept. I think I've made that clear. Each of us is entitled to whatever religious concept gives the deepest satisfaction. Although my own church attendance is haphazard, I believe that churches are the great force for good. I contribute to them regularly for that reason. I applaud the stand being taken by organized religion against Communism. I don't give a damn what form of government the Russians pick for themselves, but I have no tolerance for Russia's expansionist program for its political views. Nor any tolerance for the American who fails to resent them as a possibility for the United States. I'm all for arranging transportation to Russia for all those who wish to live under its ideology.

Politics is the second subject on which I argue. Where arguments about Communism are concerned, I am not indulging my eagerness to learn. Any guy who argues with me because of my anti-Communist convictions knows nothing I want to learn. Our constitution has given us the greatest possible plan for "life, love and the pursuit of happiness." It more than deserves practice in our daily lives. We should pursue its practice with energy and diligence.

I am sufficiently rabid and vocal where my feeling on this subject is concerned to be mighty pleased when anyone yells a derisive "corny" at me. I even find myself incapable of any self-consciousness if some one accuses me of being a flag-waver. I won't bow down in embarrassment for either term. I believe in what our flag stands for with everything I've got and I'd be a helluva jerk to take offense, because someone whose inclinations I don't respect challenges my sincerity. No, brother, on that score I'll let the chips fall where they may. Deeply as I feel about it, however, I don't expect to change the guy who doesn't agree with me. I just wish he'd go to—Russia!

Eliminating the foreign ideology element I actually like to argue politics. It's good old American custom and one I think is healthy. If you're going to argue politics, you've got to keep pretty well informed on the subject. But to get back to those things for which I confess an intolerance. Take the groups who consider it "fashionable" to prate a lot of half-baked political nonsense. The parlor pinks who set themselves up as champions of labor, and to prove their championing, drive around in beat-up cars and dress like bums despite their sizeable earnings. I believe in unions. I'm a union man myself. I don't believe in dressing like a hobo to prove I'm on the working man's side.

I do not believe in vivisection. It is intolerable to think of animals being used in such a way. I love animals and consider vivisection at the top of man's inhumane practices. Sure, there's a purely emotional element in this intolerance. I don't deny it. I also am quite capable of realizing the sincerity of the

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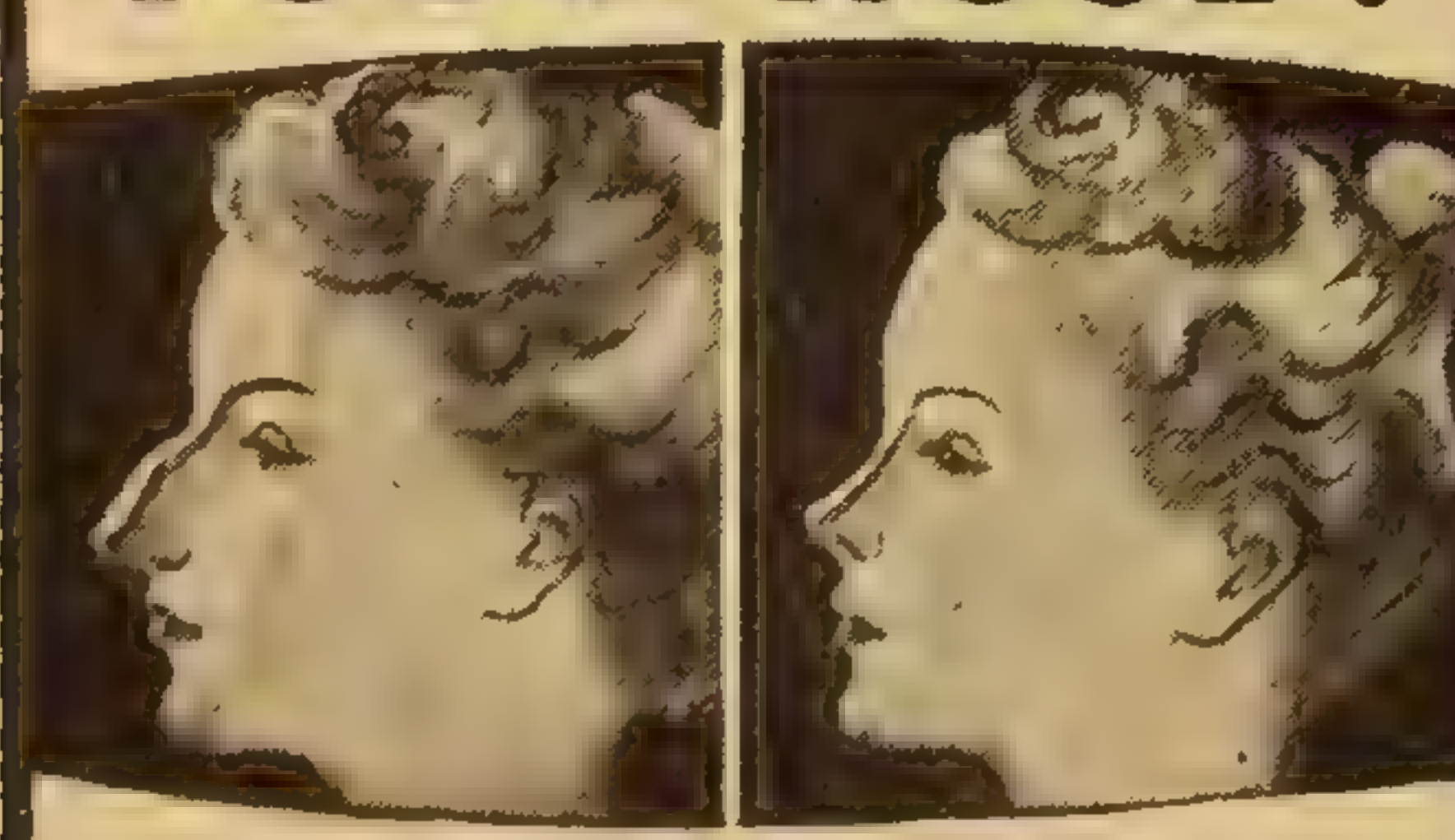
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rationalization which is offered by the vivisectionist in support of his stand. But even with the appreciation of his angle I am stubborn in my conviction that vivisection is a practice which should be banned.

I don't believe in fortune tellers, soothsayers, palmists, astrologers. Actually, I think people go to such because, in the rush and bustle of today's streamlined living, none of us spends much time concentrating our attention on the other fellow and his interest or problem. The prognosticator does just that for the space of time he or she gazes into a crystal ball or riffles some cards or ponders the inexplicable design created by a couple of tired tea-leaves. I think the person who hangs out a shingle as a "listener" at so much per hour is honestly serving the purpose which the prognosticator has served in disguise. As far as I know, there has been nothing discovered to prove anything but the law of coincidence in any similarity between a prognostication and an eventual reality.

I do not believe in gambling. It is, for me, a ridiculous, inexcusable waste of both time and money. And I don't see how a guy can be honest and pay his taxes and keep up with the cost of living, and have money to burn left over. If a guy is smart enough to have some money left over that he can afford to lose, I think he can find a thousand good uses for it. There are almost that many deserving charities alone for the dollar that a person doesn't need. Of course the gambler's instinct is completely lacking in me so it is easy for me to be intolerant of the attraction that taking a chance holds for others. I don't expect anyone to subscribe to my feeling about it, but it's sure one of the things I believe.

Education. I am all for the good old-fashioned type of education. Barbara and I had a little experience with this new fangled progressive education with her boy, Tony. We suddenly realized with considerable and justifiable concern that his progressive education was

neither fostering his progress nor improving his education. He read no books, he was interested only in the most luridly exciting radio programs and the funny papers. Barbara got a tutor for him as soon as we realized that he was a perfect example of progressive education. The tutor was old-fashioned—thank the Lord!—and Tony is coming along like the intelligent kid he really is.

War and Peace: I believe that, potentially, we're just as close to another war today as we were in 1939. Somehow our existing peace seems like an armistice only. We have the atomic bomb to thank for this respite, if that's all it turns out to be, and I believe our possession and use of the bomb saved hundreds of thousands of American lives for I don't believe Japan would have yielded when it did if we had not used the bomb. I'm afraid the use of atomic bombs can't be outlawed. How can a great aggressive weapon be outlawed unless aggressiveness itself has been outlawed? From where I sit, it looks as though it would be as futile to try to outlaw the atomic bomb as it would have been to outlaw the invention of the automobile by saying "Let's toss it out, to protect the horse." War has to be outlawed, not just the weapons of it.

They say the new atomic bombs are thousands of times as effective as the ones we dropped. Even though war has been made so horrible, even though future wars promise unimaginable sufferings, there will probably be other wars. Straight-thinking people don't start wars. But how can you eliminate all the crack-pot thinkers? Unfortunately, the Hitler type of crack-pot cannot be insured against and, in some deplorable fashion, the crack-pot oratory hypnotizes listeners and converts them into followers. It's incredible to me that Germany backed Hitler as long as it did. I honestly didn't think it would. But a war is easier to start than end—an obvious observation, but one too tragically true.

If it were made a constant reminder to every individual in every country



Betty McDonald, authoress of the book everyone's talking about, "The Egg and I," is feted at party. Here she is with Joan Bennett and Claudette Colbert, the star who'll play "I"!

every day of his life, perhaps a basic war preventive might develop in the inner consciousness of man himself. A hundred years of recognizing, with realistic comprehension, the ambitions behind the creation of wars, might outlaw them completely. It's not an impossibility. I'd like to hang around long enough to see whether I'm just being wistfully hopeful or whether I'm actually expressing a justifiable confidence in the sanity of human beings.

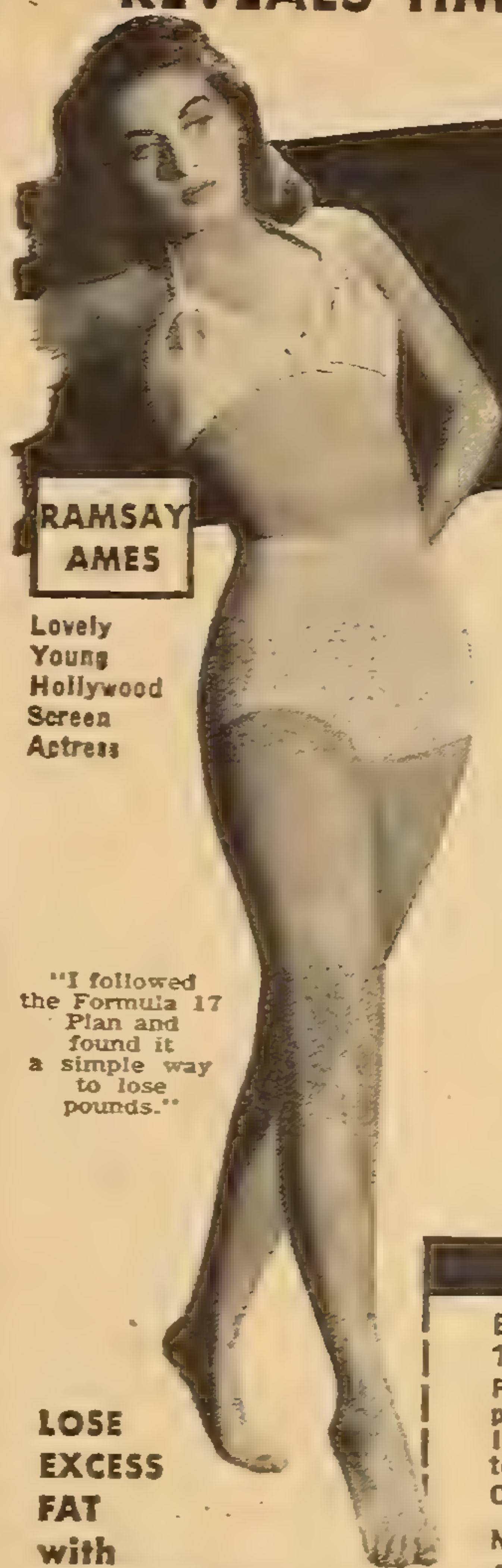
In our time, the UNO is the best possible potential. But unless it acquires the force in practice that it promised in its conception, I believe that it will grow frail. Understanding of the principles on which it was founded and the behavior obligations resting on each member nation seems lacking when a country thumbs its nose at the organization, as was done during the organization's discussion of a subject a certain nation did not like. It seems to me that such behavior is petulant and an affront to the dignity and design of a magnificently intentioned organization. If such affronts cannot be outlawed, how can we depend upon the efficacy of the UNO in its larger assignment?

The Postwar World: I have a sort of watchful-waiting attitude toward our postwar world. The reconversion period is only a rough, raw pattern, not an authentic blue-print, so it's too early to be judging tomorrow's world. I've a tremendous concern for the kids of today who have problems we did not have in our teens. Naturally, I have the average man's appalled reaction to the degree of juvenile delinquency which exists. Maybe this makes me an old fogey at 34! As I'm not a parent myself, my opinion is probably just another instance of my sticking my neck out, but it's out so far already in this article, that I can't get timid now. So here goes. I believe that the results of complacency and ignorance or indifference on the part of parents are responsible for the greatest percentage of today's youth problems. And you can't discount the let-down accompanying the inevitable disillusionments of the peace.

The youngsters of today remind me of an experience I had as a kid. I used to sit on a high stool beside my father, who, at the time, was working on the dissection of cadavers, as a part of his medical course. As he dissected, he would recite the anatomical descriptions from his textbook. I didn't understand the big words I heard, but I began to repeat them. Trying to pronounce the words which were way over my head, I got confused and began to stutter. Finally I couldn't speak at all without stuttering. And I was nervous as a bat. I was sent to the country for a couple of months and got over my temporary "affliction."

"Rx—back to the farm" would be a great prescription for the kids of today. They're so darned smart without being smart at all. They know everything—and nothing. They grapple with problems and ideas far beyond their knowledge and experience. This is a trying period for them and for us "old folks." I've got faith in the kids, though. I can't help believing that they will level off

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and square away and there's reason to hope we'll have a better world in which to live. Dismal prophets to the contrary, this hope is really more than a hope. It's my conviction and I think, as I'm an average man, it's a conviction I share with the majority.

Work and Success: I think I'm a lucky guy. If I hadn't come to California when I did and if I hadn't been seen by a talent scout when I was, I doubt if I'd ever have become an actor at all. And it's because of the motion picture business that I've any material success. I doubt if I'd have found any other business in which I'd have rung up more than just an average success. So I'm grateful to the breaks that have opened the widest horizons for me and given me all I have today. It's inconceivable that I'd ever have met Barbara Stanwyck in Beatrice, Nebraska!

Because I appreciate my luck, I've tried to deserve it. Once you get a lucky start, only a dope would take a nice little rest on such easy-come laurels. The picture business isn't all beer and skittles, believe me, but in heaven's name don't construe that into a gripe, brother. It ain't. I have worked hard to improve my work. Harder than if I had taken my luck for granted.

Love and Marriage: I believe that Barbara and I have attained success in marriage. I'm not superstitious, but just out of respect for those who are, and as a salute to the little luck gods, I knock on wood when I make the above statement. "The Queen" has taught me the wisdom of not taking things for granted and one thing I certainly don't take for granted is my wife and our marriage. We've come a long way in our partnership these past seven years and while it isn't surprising to either of us, since we are the kind of "permanent" people we are, I guess we're a mite out of the ordinary in this modern, casually married sort of world. I've been kidded for never having removed my wedding ring. Hell, I like wearing it! None of those who have kidded me had much sentiment about anything anyway, so they couldn't get under my skin with a carload of bright quips.

I can't give with a happy marriage prescription for other couples. You see, I picked me a very level-headed kid with a good solid picture of what she wants from life. A kid who doesn't expect her accomplishment of her purpose to fall into her hands like a lot of peppermint candy falling off a Christmas tree. (Remember, I've said before I believe I'm a lucky guy!)

Neither Barbara nor I have any jealousy in our make-up. That makes us both lucky. Professional jealousy is a weird and destructive element. When it exists, the marriage of two careerists is doomed. Without its presence it seems to me that marriages where both parties have careers should be stimulating to both the man and woman. In our case, both being in the same profession is helpful. We're interested, in a completely understanding way, in each other's work. We're hep to each other's problems. Barbara listens with sympathetic interest, offers constructive suggestions when I

ask her opinion about some facet of a scene I have to play. Her understanding is infallible. And when she wants to talk about her day on the set, I'm all ears, too.

Happiness: I believe that happy people are busy people. Not having enough to do is an understandable explanation of unhappiness, to me. Certainly I'm happiest, aside from the time I spend with Barbara, when I'm working. And because I have a variety of interests I'm pretty busy when I'm not actually working. I fly, ride, play tennis, golf, ride my motorcycle, go to ball games, go on hunting trips. Yep, I'm always interested in what I'm doing and always doing what interests me—so I'm a busy, happy guy.

Friendship: I believe it takes time to develop friendships and most of us are too pre-occupied with work and busy schedules to pursue the cultivation of friends as was done in the days when leisure was part and parcel of living. Barbara and I have a very few close friends, though our circle of more-than-pleasant-acquaintances is very wide. I don't dislike anyone—I just like some more than others and a few I like very much indeed. I don't expect to have friends I haven't earned. The word means a great deal more to me than a noun to be applied to every pleasant person you meet upon more than one occasion. So I don't use it carelessly. When I hear some one moaning "I have no friends" it saddens me because the statement is an indictment of the person making it. A person without friends is a person proved incapable of being a friend. Friendship is not just something one attracts with no contribution towards its existence. You have to give before you get—in friendship.

Summary: I don't believe in hurting anyone by word or deed and I am personally upset if I feel that I am disliked by anyone. And I'll take any possible steps to win them away from that dislike. I believe in God and in prayer. I believe that we reap our reward or are meted our punishment on earth. I do not believe that anyone ever "gets away with" anything. I believe that a man's conscience, if nothing else, takes care of that. No one can escape his conscience even if he fools most of the people most of the time. I believe that God judges us not by what we preach but by what we do. I believe in the "old-fashioned" code of ethics and morals. I believe in the American way of life and the exclusion from our country of any foreign ideologies. I believe in hard work to deserve good luck and I believe in the partnership of marriage. I believe I am most fortunate because I am an average American man with much more than average good fortune in my marriage, my work and my health. And I'm unashamedly grateful for my luck.

I have, in this article, tackled some subjects which are over my head. But let's face it—I'm a simple, unanalytical guy who is only too well aware of the fact that he's got a helluva lot to learn. And eager to do it. Until that learning is achieved I shall believe as I have reported honestly here.

Just Who Is Geraldine?

Continued from page 42

she'd done in the pre-Welles period. Nobody cared. She was drama with capital letters, someone to watch out for. And that was that.

Geraldine admits she unintentionally helped the legend along. "I wasn't used to the friendly informality of Hollywood," she explained. "I thought all studio people must be very old friends because I never heard any one use a last name. In Ireland and England we seldom called anyone by first names outside family and close friends. If a man said 'Hi, Cupcake' to a girl on short acquaintance he might as well have pinched her you know where. A girl who would say 'Hello, Mac' was asking the man 'What are you doing tonight, toots.' I don't say European etiquette is better than American but I do say it's different and that I didn't understand.

"So, being new around here and frightened of my impressive buildup I didn't get acquainted very quickly and was considered stand-offish. I suppose you'd call it Irish moodiness, but I simply can't be cheerful and hearty in the morning. I hole up in my dressing room as quiet as a leprechaun until time to go on the set. That's how I acquired the unflattering title 'Lady' Fitzgerald. I haven't lost it yet, either," Geraldine said with a rueful smile.

"I've often wondered how long I'd have lasted on the screen if someone had taken charge of me and groomed me as a special, stylized kind of actress such as a sophisticated woman, a glamor girl, or a witch. I've been everything from sweet to sinister. At Warners I started as the sympathetic friend of Bette Davis in 'Dark Victory.' Next I was the subdued, melancholy wife of the gloomy Heathcliffe in 'Wuthering Heights.' Then Warners got the idea that I could be a menace and a monster. I know one thing—I can never be any more monstrous than I am in 'Three Strangers.' Now, for a change of pace and to confuse things further, I'm a rich, sexy, and lonesome widow in 'Nobody Lives Forever.'

"Again, we have Fitzgerald the selfless, ladylike second wife of the Twentieth Century-Fox picture 'Wilson.' Universal prefers me as the sly, scheming sister of 'Uncle Harry'—a beastly woman, intent upon ruining as many lives as possible in the ninety minute course of the picture.

"At Paramount," Geraldine continued, relentlessly cataloguing herself, "I'm quite probably known as a slop. During wardrobe tests for 'O.S.S.' we tried all sorts of French peasant girl costumes, most of them in the Charmaine tradition with the dainty cotton blouse falling gracefully off one shoulder. What we finally decided upon was realistic rather than pictorial. I wore a man's cardigan which was too large, a heavy dark woolen skirt of unbecoming length, black cotton stockings, and heavy shoes. My hair was disarranged and my face dirty. When I went to lunch in costume I'd see people on the lot looking at me askance, seeming

to wonder where that fugitive from the ashcan came from." A look of quiet amusement lighted her face.

Added to the impressive display of her versatile talent is still another type Geraldine will create soon on the New York stage. That of, in her words, "a rather nice, slightly glamorous girl who doesn't throw one fit and has no complexes."

Some day, some producer is going to pull a fast one and ask Geraldine to do a comedy part and will she be surprised! The fascinating prospect of what she'll be called on to do next is intriguing. By playing it "close to the chest" and maintaining an open-minded attitude about the parts offered her, she has developed a facile quality which few "type" actresses possess and the girl with the longest name on the screen will undoubtedly continue to enjoy a long and diversified career.

"I think there's only one other actress whose career is similar to mine, although she's done a much better job of it than I," said Geraldine with unaffected modesty. "That's Margaret Sullavan. Put her in any part and she becomes that person."

Set visitors quite often naïvely remark to actors that they must be exactly like the characters they portray; otherwise how would they know what those people think, how they feel and act? This happens to Geraldine time after time, and although it's a dubious compliment when she's being a particularly awful character, she doesn't get her Irish up. It's a great satisfaction to be able to convince so many different people that she's so many different people. The instinct for humor which started her on this checkered career has survived although the reputation for comedy hasn't.

To the few people who *do* know Geraldine personally, she's a bird of still another feather. There's a pleasant, quiet charm about her that instantly brings up the question of how she could possibly be those villainous women on the screen when she's so totally unlike them. She's a small-boned, delicate-looking gal. Her auburn hair is somewhat darker than it appears on the screen. Dressed in a gray flannel skirt, red and white checkedingham blouse, flat-heeled shoes, with two small velvet bows in her hair, she looks like her son Michael's older sister.

Michael is six and wears size nine clothes, a well-poised youngster who looks very much the man until he smiles and reveals two grown-up second teeth that have parted a neat row of smaller baby teeth right in the middle. His serious brown eyes are enormous and his hair is straight and dark brown. There's a generous ration of freckles on his tanned, cute little face. Sometimes this clothes-conscious young man has trouble with his tie and the short end comes out on top, but he's independent and insists on dressing himself.

Freckles, his half-and-half Dalmatian-Fox Terrier, is quite well disciplined and can even perform a few tricks which the young master has taught him. Freckles

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Arleen Whelan, resuming her movie career after three years on Broadway, reads to pet Skye terrier, "Orchy," who finds it a good time for a snooze. You'll see her in Paramount's "Suddenly It's Spring," co-starring Paulette Goddard and Fred MacMurray.

and Michael spend much of their time on the sun-drenched picket-fenced private beach in front of their small, cozy Santa Monica home. Living at the beach is a must for Geraldine. It's as close to the climate of Ireland as she can find in Hollywood, particularly when the fog rolls in and the sea is rough and gray.

Maybe it's just coincidence that the walls of her living room are emerald green, furnishing a lively background for a number of her own paintings, which are really quite good despite the fact that Geraldine tosses painting off as a hobby with a wave of a tapering and expressive hand. There was a time when she dreamed of a brilliant career as an artist until the head of the Dublin Art School told her to forget her dreams.

She plays the piano well, has a sentimental attachment for folk songs, adores the comic strip "Snuffy Smith" for its picturesque hillbilly lingo and hates Venetian blinds because nobody else will dust them and she has to do it herself. When she redecorates her house, out come the blinds and that's for sure.

During the war, Geraldine had to stifle her homesickness for Ireland. Last fall she obtained permission to visit her homeland and her recently divorced husband, Edward Lindsay-Hogg, who raises and trains race horses.

Having had opportunities to observe both horses and actors at close range, Geraldine says, "You know, we're very much like race horses. We're arranged in rows of identical dressing rooms like horses in their loose boxes. Everyone expects us to be temperamental, hard to handle. They approach us cautiously through our handlers, not knowing whether we'll accept the proffered lump of sugar or kick out the sides of our stalls, rear, bolt, or bite. When we work, we're groomed and polished within an inch of our lives. Our owners hope we'll perform as we've been trained to and not stop in the middle of the race to graze. If we do our jobs well we're made to feel the way I'm sure a horse does when, after winning a race, he's applauded and bedecked with flowers." As an afterthought she said, "Perhaps I shouldn't say that

about actors. They might resent being compared to horses, but as long as I've included myself it may be all right."

She has illusions about her fellow actors. "One reason I know so few Hollywood stars is that I regard them as very glamorous people. When I get to know them they talk about all the ordinary problems of living and they cease being the glittering personalities I want them to be in my mind and become just everyday people like myself. I want to keep my illusions!"

Having played opposite a bobby-sox idol for the first time in "O.S.S.," Geraldine has a very high opinion of Alan Ladd. "His teen-age fans won't have him exclusively for long. They'll be sharing him with all movie fans for I believe he'll be a really great actor when he's given the chance to do something besides tough guy parts. He's so unspoiled and unassuming—I'm really quite a fan of his myself."

Watching Geraldine sitting before an open fire, pouring tea which she makes in the true English tradition of taking the pot to the kettle, it's difficult to realize that this girl with the quiet charm, the ready wit, the quick smile has been so many types. It's hard to realize that so much talent can be contained in such a small person. Far from being a "type," however, she's all types. Her life on the screen has been a complete reverse of the tiresome remark, "You're not the type," which tries the souls of so many actors. Rather, she's heard "You are the type" so often that even she can't tell you who she is. And don't ask her why she seems to be all women. She has no more idea than anyone else. Neither has she any inkling why the only time she *hasn't* been the type is when she's pitched for a good fat comedy rôle.

But don't be surprised, if the next time you see a condensed spelling of Geraldine Fitzgerald on a theater marquee, to find when you go inside that she's doing a strip-tease, a be-bop number, or a ninety-year-old Mongolian. If a producer tells her she's the type, she automatically proves he's right.

Everyone Calls Her "Maggie"

Continued from page 46

dramatic emotions, from the tender romance of the shy young girl to the avid selfishness of the masterful old woman determined to rule until she dies. She's being supported by some real Irish folk from the famous Abbey Theater in Dublin. Among them are S. J. MacCormack, who will be *Old Tim*, the *Brodericks'* family butler, and his actress wife Eileen Crewe, and clever brunette Siobhan McKenna in the important part of *Kate Donovan*. These three character players were all offered Hollywood contracts when they toured America with the Abbey Theater Company some time ago but this is the first time they have ever appeared before a film camera. And it's characteristic of Maggie's natural friendliness that before they had been on the lot a single day, they were teaching her to speak Gaelic ready for when the outfit goes on location in Eire proper.

The girl is enormously thrilled and pleased with her current rôle, and the nicest possible tribute to her personality is that everybody else in the studio is equally delighted about it. As soon as the news arrived, they all got together and gave her a congratulations party. It's quite an effort to hold a regular party in Britain these days because it means everybody has to contribute something from their own rations, but the guests willingly gave up precious sugar and dried fruit to make the iced cake with Margaret's initials on the top. They bought candy with their sweet coupons and got spring flowers from their own gardens and sang a little song of welcome as Margaret came in. She was wearing one of the plain light blue shirtwaist dresses she favors and her dark eyes were wide with surprise that swiftly turned to joy, mingled with a happy tear or two, as the folks all crowded round to clasp her hand and kiss her.

When it was over, Margaret carried off some tulips and a wedge of cake for her family, with whom she shares everything as a matter of course. Margaret has been married eight years now, to a tall fair-haired Englishman named Rupert Leon, a bond-broker whom she first met in America when she was making pictures in Hollywood. She was only a pretty and promising young feature player then but Paramount thought so highly of her work that they made her an attractive long-term offer to stay. But Margaret turned it down to come home to London and marry her Rupert and they've been together ever since, joined just about four years ago by their baby daughter Margaret Julia.

In town they live in a pleasant little apartment overlooking the River Thames, with cream-painted walls and light wood furniture and cheerful red and green printed drapes and covers. Maggie has a peach-pink room for herself and on her dressing-stand are just a hairbrush and comb, a powder-bowl, a small perfume bottle and three jars of cosmetics. For she's one of those rare and fortunate

women who's naturally blessed with an exquisitely fine and clear complexion and she hardly needs any makeup to accentuate her beauty. Even her hazel-flecked brown eyes have long silky lashes and all her women friends loudly envy her hair which curls without help and falls becomingly into any style that Maggie wants to try.

But when she isn't working in the studio and when Rupert can take a vacation from his city office, they like to drive down to Cornwall and their old greystone cottage near the sea, appropriately enough very close to that part of the coast where Daphne du Maurier herself lives in an ancient mansion and which inspired her to write her story "Frenchman's Creek." Then Maggie puts on flannel slacks and one of the sweaters her mother knits for her and becomes a happy housewife. There are only oil-lamps in the cottage and she has to do her cooking on an extremely temperamental stove, and instead of an ice-box she uses the cold slate slabs in what was formerly the well in the garden. But she likes every minute of it because she believes in a simple, well-balanced life, with love and her career each taking their proper places and blending harmoniously.

When I visited Maggie not so long ago, I found her sitting among the roses and the sweet-smelling herbs with curly-haired Margaret Julia on her knee, listening intently while her mother read aloud her favorite tale about Daniel in the lion's den from a book of Bible stories. And when that was finished, Maggie carried out a tray of tea for us, with a plate of raisin scones she had baked that morning and some of her raspberry jam which she had put up in the spring. Three dogs, a playful kitten and Margaret Julia's pet rabbit ran around the garden, for Maggie couldn't consider home without some four-footed friends. She became so fond of the smoky Siamese cat called Sheba which appeared with her in "Bedelia" that she adopted it too, and now it lives in London with her.

Talking to Maggie is just like chatting with somebody you've known all your life, a cheerful easy business in which you can exchange jokes and cookery receipts, compare your frocks and hats, discuss the books you've read and the movies you've seen and generally take your hair down. You would almost forget she's a star until she suddenly laughs and tells you something she plainly thinks extremely funny—a publisher wants her to write her autobiography. "As if there was anything interesting or exotic about me! I just work and I look after my home and I have my family and my friends. How on earth could you make a book out of that?"

Well, if ever Maggie is persuaded to have her life history recorded between covers, it will undoubtedly be revealed that the chief secret of her success is plain and unrelenting hard work. Born



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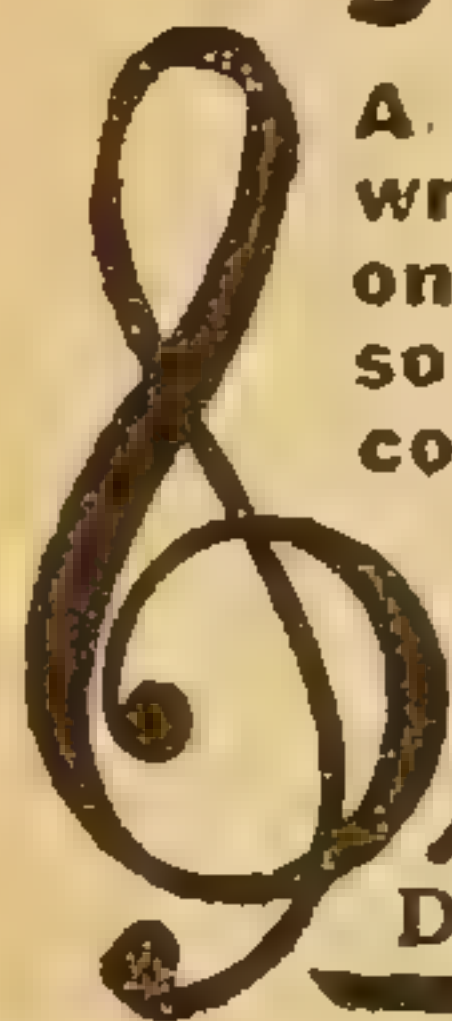
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in a modest home in a South London suburb, educated at the local high school and a West End dramatic college, Maggie played lots of tiny parts on the stage before a movie talent scout saw her and gave her a chance in equally small rôles on the screen. She got her real training and grooming in Hollywood and since she came back, she's just progressed steadily but slowly until now she stands right on the peak.

All the time she's been studying and learning, perfecting her art and never disdaining criticisms or suggestions. Because she looks upon acting as a serious job of work, she has tried many different kinds of parts and so there is no such thing as a typical Margaret Lockwood rôle. She gets completely into the skin of her screen characters, until she can convey a personality utterly foreign to her own warm sincere self if need be. Most men who have directed her vote her their favorite actress, because she's invariably patient and pliable and always completely concerned with giving the scene what it needs. She's never been known to quarrel with another player in the whole of her career. More than one actor declares he is at his best when Maggie appears with him, because her sensitive considerate performance automatically brings out his finest playing in sympathetic response.

"The Man in Grey" is her own favorite picture to date, for she adores colorful costume rôles and the graceful clothes they call for her to wear. In "Hungry Hill" she will have twenty-eight specially designed period outfits; from the ivory satin and Limerick lace ball-gown with the crinoline skirt she wears at seventeen to the subdued purple velvet in which she is seen as a white-haired grandmother. And there are three delightful flounced dresses for Margaret Julia also, since she is going to play *Fanny Rosa's* small daughter in the film. Margaret Julia takes her screen début seriously, too. "Perhaps I'll be as good as Margaret O'Brien," she remarks hopefully.

Margaret Julia has cherished an ambition to meet little Margaret O'Brien ever since she was taken to see "Our Vines Have Tender Grapes" as a birthday treat. Maybe she'll achieve it soon, for Maggie is shortly to make a picture in Hollywood under the new exchange scheme for American and British stars which shrewd Mr. Rank has negotiated. The main reason Maggie hasn't been back to California before is that it would have meant separation from her husband and her child. Now the war is over, Rupert can visit Wall Street again and there's shipping space for little girls to accompany their mothers across the Atlantic. So soon the Leon family will be on their way.

Maggie could have travelled in war-time but then she felt her duty was here in her own country first. So while Rupert served as an officer in the British Army in Africa and Europe, she went on making films in London, right through the blitz and the flying bombs and the rockets and everything else. She spent several evenings every week entertaining at the Stage Door Canteen and similar clubs, borrowing glamorous gowns from

the studio wardrobe in which to appear because her own utility outfits would never give the boys in uniform any kicks.

When the British Services newspapers sent out a cry for British pin-up girls, a number of screen actresses were approached and invited to pose. Most of them promptly refused, on the grounds that such publicity was not suitably dignified for them, but Margaret immediately agreed. "Of course, if the boys want it," she said, and laughed at the wisecracks who complained it wasn't wise for a serious dramatic actress to display her torso on a wall. She stepped into the snappiest swim-suits and the most provocative swirls of chiffon the Army photographer could find and was soon running neck-to-neck with Betty Grable in the British pin-up popularity polls. Characteristically it amused her very much. "I suppose I ought to go into a musical now," she chuckled. "What a pity I can't sing or dance!"

Her fan mail showed that instead of losing admiration, she had gained a whole lot more through her action. She reads every letter she gets exceedingly carefully, and if there's one containing what she thinks is a helpful suggestion, she takes it right along to her producer. She'll never be too proud or too confidently successful to learn, not even if she becomes as famous and personally beloved in America as she now is in Britain. That's the kind of girl that Margaret Lockwood is and nothing will alter her.



"Maggie" Lockwood guides her four-year-old daughter, Julia, through her first screen appearance in "Hungry Hill." They make a lovely picture, posing for the still cameraman on the set, worthy subjects for an old master.

Where There's Laughter

Continued from page 51

myself: 'Tonight, I'm really going to study! I'll stay up until one or two o'clock.' Then I'd decide that if I were going to do *that* I should really have a few cokes. So I'd get out the car and go downtown for the cokes. By the time I was seventeen even my mother had accustomed herself to the idea that I would never go to college!"

They had given up the big home by then, and had moved to an apartment. Downstairs, in the next apartment, lived a family with two daughters. The elder daughter was engaged to be married, but she had decided she would work a year first; so she went to New York and got a job dancing at Arthur Murray's Academy. This, young Tom told himself, was glamor!

"It was because of the girl downstairs that I first thought of being an actor," he tells you. "She used to talk to me—she sold me on the idea—and finally she sent me to a dramatic teacher she had met. I went for an audition. I remember—" the vibrant voice deepened—"I remember I gave an imitation of John Barrymore. The dramatic teacher said I was wonderful; then, with a few deft, if shameless questions, elicited the fact that I had some money. I paid him \$250—in advance; and was enrolled for two night classes a week. I was delighted—but young as I was, I told myself it was a great racket, and promised myself that if I failed as an actor I'd open a dramatic school instead!"

When summer came—and the lure of playing in summer stock—Tom persuaded his mother to let him go to Poughkeepsie. "She thought I was crazy," he says, "but she let me go." He stayed there two months. "You had to be made of beef-iron-and-wine to stand the life," he reflected. "But it was fun."

They lived in a farmhouse three miles from the theater; paid for their own rooms and tuition, and went back and forth on a bus. The dramatic teacher, once a successful star, poured on the emotional stimulus in the grand manner. There were amateurs in the cast, and a few professionals. The amateurs just sat around and listened; they never got a chance to act. There was the boy who painted the scenery, did the electrical work, worked the props—all for nothing but love of being near the theater.

"I was an amateur," Tom says, "but for some reason the director let me go on. He had a system. He could take people with no acting ability whatever and make them talk *fast*—talk almost in a scream—the idea being to give the audience no time to think. 'Keep the tempo fast,' he'd say. 'Keep 'em laughing!' New actors, always self-conscious, found this a great help in breaking down their inhibitions."

At the end of that summer Tom's mother died. He had to go home; the bottom had dropped out of his world! Tom and his sister Claire missed their mother whom they both loved so much.

They were very lost, indeed. There was a small trust fund and a guardian to administer it. Tom succeeded in persuading him that the \$5000 set aside for college might better be spent in dramatic lessons, so far as education went. "Claire wasn't able to persuade him at all," Tom says. "She had already finished school. So I went on to New York alone."

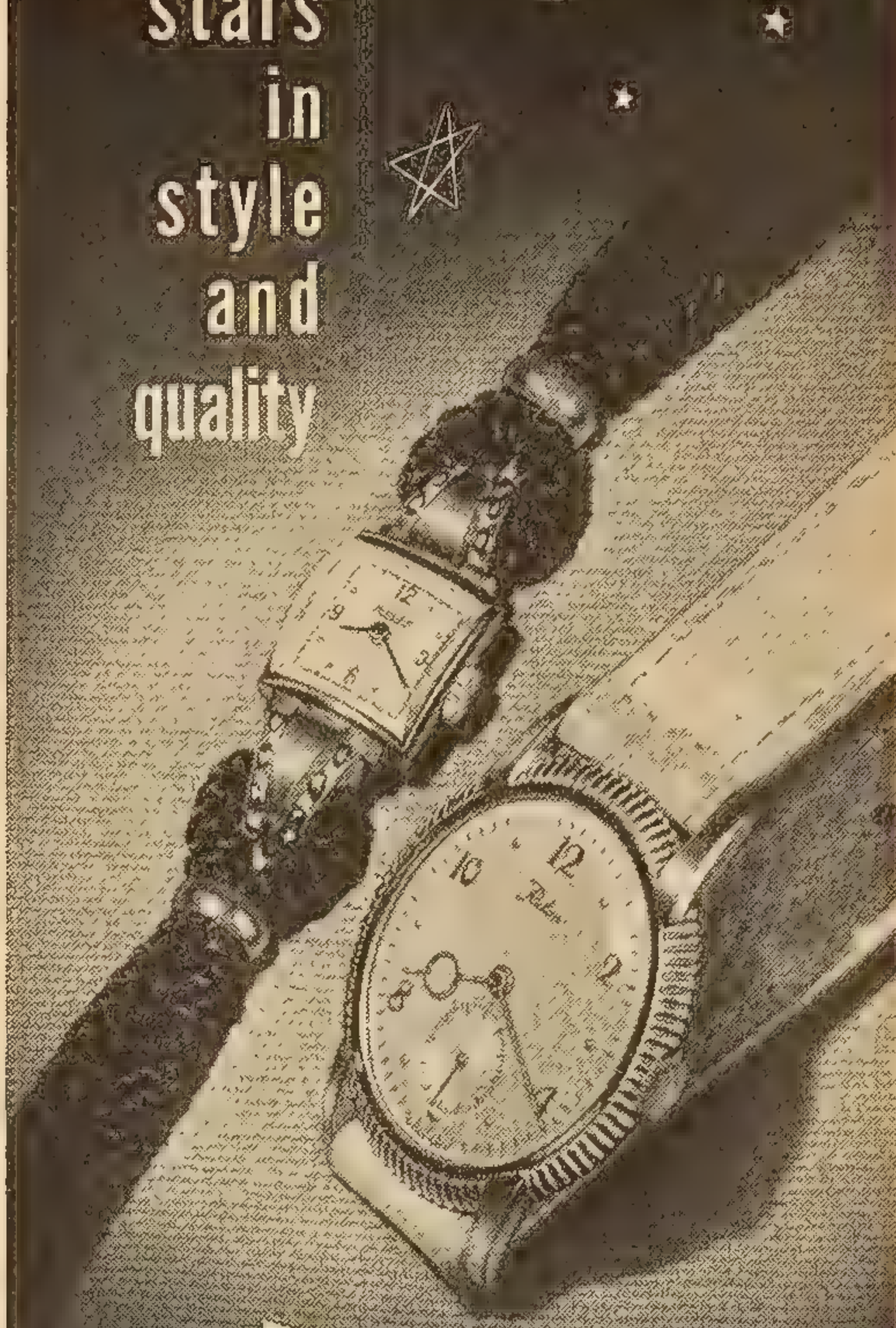
In New York he studied with a drama coach named Alice B. Young, who promptly rectified everything the man at Poughkeepsie had told him was right. "She taught me to *think out* a character," he says. "Taught me what to look for in a part. 'Before you speak a line—think first!' was her battle-cry. I learned to analyze the emotion back of a line. It's hard to explain; except to say that for the first time I knew what the poets meant when they said 'Words are a painted screen between two people!'"

"Claire and I had taken one huge room on Riverside Drive," he went on, "and moved into it all the furniture that would fit—the lovely old furniture from Mother's home in New Rochelle. Then we got busy and painted the walls of the place white—with the help of all the kids we knew in the theater. None of us had any money, so three times a week they came to dinner, chipping in to buy steaks and potatoes and pie, and we had a feast. Claire would get out all the old family silver; and while she cooked, we changed the furniture around trying to make it fit. We kept worrying and wondering why those Persian rugs and lovely old antiques looked so odd in that room. It never once occurred to any of us that it was because we had painted the woodwork a very bright blue!"

Most of the time they ate dinner in depressing little spots like the "Greasy Spoon"; on gala nights they dined at Child's. "This was really a step up," he grinned. "Like going to the 21 Club—back in that old world of complacent, indifferent wealth and well-being. When we got our quarterly check from the guardian," he continued, "we first bought necessary clothing; then invited a young married couple, who had been our best friends in New Rochelle, to come to dinner at the apartment with us. We knocked ourselves out over those dinners; flowers, stuffed olives—all the best silver—the works! We didn't realize it then, but it was really our last stand; a final turning back to the old way of life, the memories of which were still poignant and unforgettable. But it was no good. It was like trying to re-ignite happiness with a wet match. One night Claire and I had a nice sensible chat, and faced the truth. After that, nothing was ever quite so bad again!"

That part of their lives was over, they told themselves sensibly. They sold the silver; sold the lovely old furniture that was too massive for a small room—and almost at once life began anew. Tom gained for himself the juvenile lead in "Janie" in New York and played in that

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stage hit for six months. A talent scout from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios offered him a test.

"It was pretty gruesome," he tells you. "I had to do an imaginary telephone conversation—but it seems I used my eyes too much as I talked. I threw them up and around (shades of the old dramatic coach!) and it distracted the audience from the script. But they let me do it over, and I was signed to a Hollywood contract—and here I am."

Oddly enough he was given rôles in two different Hollywood pictures at once: a leading rôle in "Two Girls and A Sailor," and the part of the American soldier in "White Cliffs of Dover"; a feat which kept him shuttling back and forth between two stages over a period of many weeks. "Meet Me in St. Louis," "Mrs. Parkington"—both of these hits offered rôles that he performed with skill; and now, in "The Green Years," he has really hit his stride.

"It was the toughest rôle we could have given him," a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer executive said. "The rôle of a young boy—whose immature emotions had to be portrayed by adult acting. When Drake cries in that one scene, he really cries—and that's difficult for a man to do without seeming foolish or without over-playing the part."

"I didn't really try to cry," Tom explains. "When you're lucky in acting is when you get a dramatic scene that portrays an emotional situation—and can play the scene absolutely dry-eyed by injecting a feeling of tears into the rôle. Usually, when you try to cry you become 'hammy'—often ridiculous. In this one scene in 'The Green Years' it was a shock to me when I cried; and I know it was a shock to the director and to the crew. It's the scene where the boy is upstairs in his home praying; his mother is dying—and he's beginning to lose faith in God. He rushes from the house, and meets the priest. It is the words of that priest that make the scene memorable and unforgettable. The funny part of it is," he added, "I, personally, never have cried in my life whenever anything happened to me!"

He has laughed, instead—at the "slings and arrows of adversity"—and set that hard young jaw and faced life down. "I gambled on acting," he tells you. "I felt I had to make a comeback on my own. It took ten years; there are a lot of days in ten years, and I had my bad moments. But most of it was cause for laughter—because we made it so."

Now he has a new ambition, and carefully thought out reason back of that, too. An ambition to hit his stride as an actor for perhaps another fifteen years, then to be a director himself. "I have no business head," he laughs. "I still can't add or subtract; but I think I have the artistic and emotional temperament to make a good director when the time comes."

The depressing thing about acting, Tom tells you, is that it's so personal a thing. Everything revolves around the rôle you play, even when you're not on the screen. Business men get some relief from their work when they go home at night—but to quote a famous columnist: "Acting is the only business where the merchandise leaves the store overnight."

"An actor," says Tom Drake, "has a great responsibility. If he's not on the set on time, he holds up production. All the departments in the studio rotate around his job; if someone ahead of him in the makeup department is late, he is late—and the assistant director is in a spot. That in turn upsets at least two other people. As for myself I'm miserable if those around me are not happy; camera-men, lighting crew, everyone! On the other hand, if the director is sick for a day, production is not crossed up; the show goes on. A director has the same prestige as the actor and gets as big a kick out of his job of dealing in emotions—but if he is ill, he can have the assistant director take over. But most important of all, the director, unlike the actor, never has to worry about being too old to play his rôle!"

It will be many a long day before young Tom Drake is too old. And in the meantime, living in his pleasant Hollywood house, he is content.

They Are Not Expendable

Continued from page 45

it is an understatement to call "chic," clothes by the smartest designers, and such a warm and friendly manner that you are "best" friends with her as the first "hello" is said. Vital, too, with an electric going-my-way quality, which makes it easy to understand how she has contributed to the careers of Lana Turner, June Allyson, Van Johnson, Esther Williams—and goodness knows how many others.

So essential is Miss Burns, in fact, to the industry of star-making that, in time remembered, this reporter has not done an interview with an MGM player, young or old, male or female, that the name of Lillian Burns has not been mentioned—sometimes with awe, sometimes with a sigh of exhaustion as from work well but arduously done but, in-

variably, with deep and genuine gratitude.

In the days before her hair fell over one eye and she became a star of Paramount Pictures, Veronica Lake was, for a time, with MGM and worked—and "worked," Veronica said, "is the word"—with Miss Burns. "Before Lillian took me over," Veronica, in reminiscent mood, recalled, "I couldn't act for peanuts. Self-conscious as a grade school child speaking a piece in the school auditorium, I looked as if I had a ramrod for a spine, sticks for arms and legs, glass marbles for eyes. For five solid months, by the (daily) trial and error method, Miss Burns helped me to develop an ability to speak lines naturally, to register emotions effectively, to handle my body as if it was my body and not a

time-bomb, and to use my voice. During the course of that five months, I acted out every script in the MGM files. I went over a scene, over it and over it, until I was ready to drop from exhaustion. And sometimes did. Then went over it again."

The majority of stars on, and some off, the MGM lot have similar tales to tell—all with the "she-made-me-what-I-am-today" refrain. Miss Burns, by the way, dislikes the word, "coach"—says it is, when applied to her, a misnomer. Explaining this seemingly anachronistic statement, she said: "The way I work with people is, I imagine, a rather strange way. For instance, I long ago came to the conclusion that by the time an actor comes to a studio, it is too late to have a 'school.' Since I do not believe you can take people in the heady throes of signing their first contracts and treat them as students, I make it very clear to them that I am NOT giving them 'dramatic lessons,' that they are NOT pupils but, however young and inexperienced, are professionals working toward a development of personality and acting ability."

"As an example of the usual procedure, when Van Johnson first started with me, we would take a script and, scene by scene, break it down, discuss it, analyze it, familiarize ourselves with every locality in the story, with the very rooms of the house in which the scenes were to be played. Then, beginning with a discussion of the character Van was to play, we went on to discuss his relationship to the other characters, and their relationship to him and what you might expect his, and their reactions to be, in such and such situations and circumstances—until Van knew the chap he was to portray as well as he knew himself and would not feel and, therefore, would not appear to be 'acting.'"

"As with Van, each and every girl and boy who comes to me is worked with individually. The only time two or more work together is for a test. One of the benefits an actor derives from working alone, rather than in a class, is that he does not run the risk of acquiring stock mannerisms, gestures, speech effects, a shared bag of tricks. We do not, in other words, want six Lana Turners and six Van Johnsons but only one, one highly developed one, of each."

Since development of personality is not a static thing but can and should go on through all of life, the players, long after they are stars, salted and seasoned, return again and again, with script after script, to Miss Burns.

As for Mr. Sidney: When you consider that, at the age of 29, this young man numbers "As Thousands Cheer," "Bathing Beauty," "Ziegfeld Follies," "Anchors Aweigh," "Harvey Girls," "Holiday in Mexico" among his directorial triumphs, you know very well why he is the gleam in an actor's eye. Quite a gleam he is, too, for there's six feet, 210 pounds of Mr. Sidney. Dark and handsome, with an extremely amiable face, a rich and ready laugh, a relaxed manner, you sense in him at once, however, the competence, the what-it-takes touch that gave you that on-the-beam, every foot of it, tops in entertainment, "Anchors Aweigh."

"George," Walter Pidgeon remarked

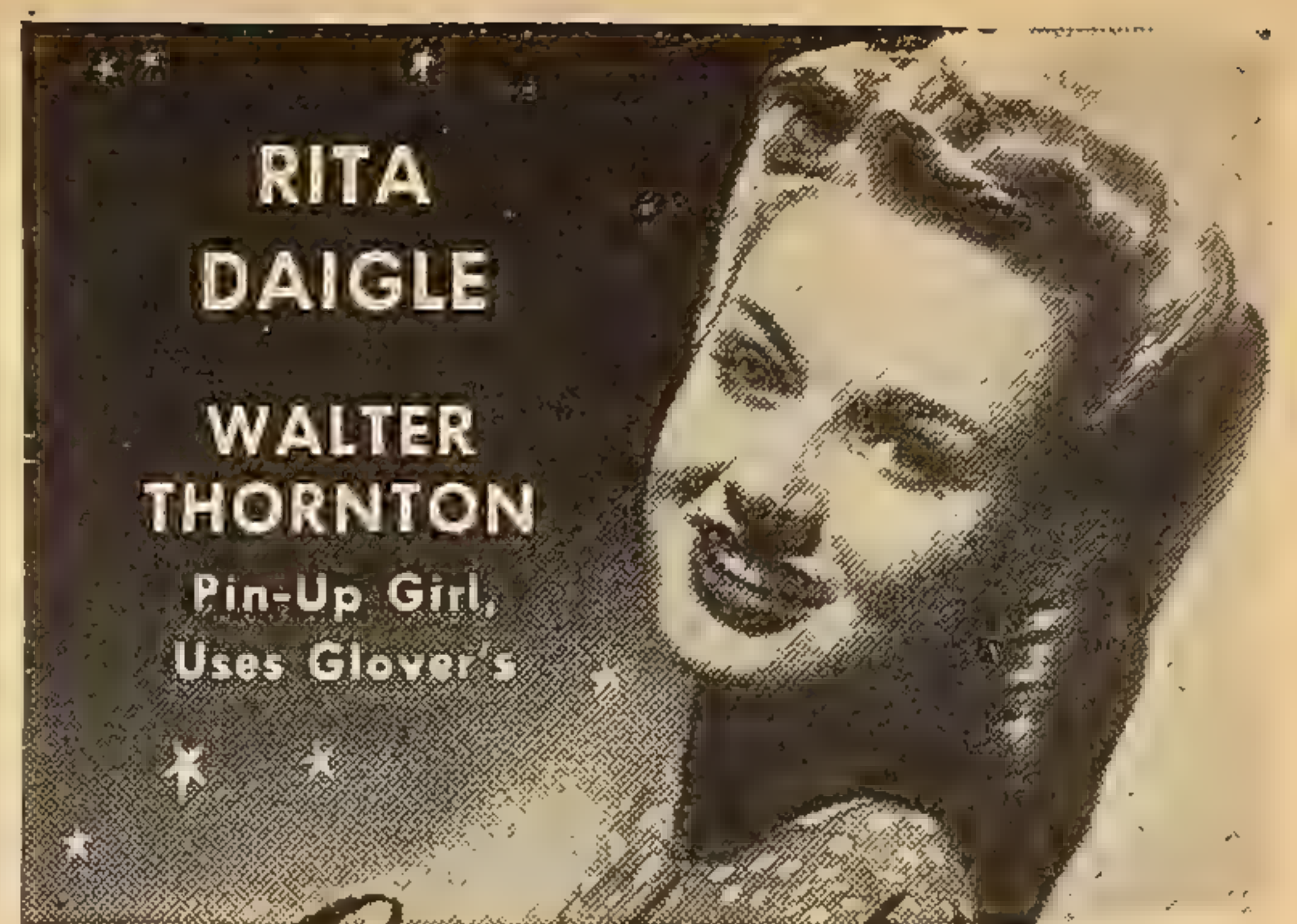
of him recently, "is closer to John Ford than any director I have ever met." Since actors, from extras to—well, to Mr. Pidgeon—all but genuflect when they speak of John Ford, Mr. Sidney's place in the Hollywood sun is, you may safely assume, both large and luminous.

Lillian went to dramatic schools in New York and Paris; worked for a short time in stock; was once "sent for" by the late great David Belasco but finally, after a long illness brought on, he believes, by her sense of frustration, found compensation, and found it richly, in helping others become what she had hoped to be

Mr. Sidney, one of the third generation in a theatrical family, is purely a product of show business. His grandfathers, on both sides, were producers. His mother was one of musical comedy's famed Mooney sisters. His father, Louis K. Sidney, produced pictures at MGM and stage shows at the Capitol Theater in New York. George Sidney was an uncle. Carried on the stage as a ten-months-old infant, Mr. Sidney says he has not been far from the theater in the 29 intervening years. At the age of seven, he made his screen debut with the late Tom Mix. Three years later, he appeared in a stage revue, doing an impersonation of George Washington in the classic crossing-the-Delaware pose. On this occasion, affected by the applause of the audience, George fell from the boat into the papier-maché waves. The applause redoubled.

Claiming that he "practically never went to school after the third grade" but sat "all day, and every day, in a theater," the facts are that George never graduated from high school; then, side-stepping the family plans for college, got himself a "wonderful job and flat feet" as a messenger boy at MGM. Thereafter, George worked, successively, step-up by step-up—(would-be directors, please note)—as an office boy; a secretary in the production department; in the cutting room; in the sound department; became a test director, a director of second units and finally, after working for almost 15 years at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, became—well, became a gleam in an actor's eye; a fine and full-fledged director and of sufficient stature to be compared, and at his age, to the epic Ford.

If ever there was a "marriage of true minds" with the plus of mutual tastes and interests, it is the marriage of Lillian and George Sidney. Not only are they in love, and very obviously in love, with each other but they are in love, mutually in love, with the theater. With, especially, motion pictures. With their jobs in motion pictures. It is, in addition, they tell you happily, the "greatest luck" that they are in the same studio and work together, on many occasions, hand in glove. The job they did, for instance, on Esther Williams: When Esther was first sent to Miss Burns she had little confidence in herself, having been told, at two or three other studios, that she didn't have "personality," didn't have this, that, the other. But—functioning as something between, presumably, a psychiatrist and a hypodermic needle—Miss Burns went to work on, and with, Esther.



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"Reminds me of the first day on the set of 'Pilot No. 5,' a little picture I was making," George said, "and in the crowd, I saw this one kisser and said, 'I want

Listening to the Sidneys, you know how they love motion pictures, and the people in them. And you know that this genuine love of motion pictures, and the people in them is, in addition to the gifts they bring their jobs, why they are not, are definitely not, expendable.



Lillian Burns shows Beverly Tyler how to use her acting talent to best advantage. Beverly next plays opposite Peter Lawford in "My Brother Who Talked to Horses."

Things You Don't Know About Cornel Wilde

Continued from page 29

authority. People listen to him when he stands up for someone who is being pushed around. He can use his weight to stop injustice. It's satisfying, perhaps, to know he won't get fired if he sticks his neck out on someone else's behalf, but something else you may not know is that he was sticking his neck out even when it might have cost him his job.

His wife, Patricia, tells this one on him. Years ago, when they were both starving young actors, they were working in a stock company. Cornel had just a small part, and the star of the show was a well-known, but temperamental actress. There was a kid in the show (who is now in Hollywood and in pictures) who was really green and scared stiff. It was his first play, and he missed an entrance. The actress was in a white rage. She lit into that kid with a vengeance. Cornel watched, his anger rising steadily. Finally, as she climaxed her blistering denunciation of the newcomer, Cornel got mad himself. He forgot it had been a long dry spell between plays. He forgot he needed money like he needed air. His face white with fury, he started to talk to the star. He bawled the devil out of her. *He, 'way down on the cast list, bawled out the star!*

She was so surprised, she stopped yelling at the new kid and started staring at Cornel. She was completely taken aback. The next thing Cornel knew, she had gone over to the youngster, put her arms around him, and they were friends from then on. *But she never spoke to Cornel again.* That didn't matter to Cornel, although it must have been difficult working with someone as important as the star of the show who from then on out never recognized his existence. The important thing to Cornel was that the young kid got a break.

Today, he still gets into fights on this same score. One thing sure to arouse his anger is when anyone steps on the little people of filmdom, or the green ones. He's taken a lot himself. As he says, "It's only been in the last two years that things have brightened up for me. Before that, I was in there for years trying to get a foothold." Yes, he took snubs and sarcasm, and held his tongue. But he can't hold his tongue when he sees someone else taking such things. He *has* to be their defender.

Everyone knows the story of how he saw his wife for the first time on a busy New York street. She was wearing a black velvet suit; she looked beautiful, and Cornel did everything he could to get acquainted. He even thought up the new and original approach, "I'm sure I have met you somewhere before." "I'm sure you haven't," said Pat, marching on and right out of his life. New York is a big place, but Fate works overtime there just like any place else. Cornel ran into Pat three times in five days. In desperation, feeling she must be an actress, he tried that *real* oldie: "You ought to be in pictures," the third time he ran into her. He arranged for her to meet his

agent, which she did. And, by the oddest coincidence, after the interview, Cornel took Pat out to dinner. Then he took her dancing. He kept up his campaign for ten months, and at the end of that time, they were married.

What you may not know about all this, however, is that even today Cornel loves to see Pat in a black velvet suit. You see, he's sentimental. He likes to relive things like that: Pat in a black suit coming toward him out of nowhere. He remembers many things about that first year he knew Pat; he *likes* remembering them. He particularly enjoys reliving them. For instance, they used to go to the Lobster Restaurant on Forty-Fifth Street for a lobster dinner. Recently, when they went back to New York, they raced for that same little restaurant.

Yes, he's a sentimentalist. He remembers birthdays and Valentine's days, Easters. Pat loves candy, so he always gives her candy on Easter. If she adored stuffed, furry bunnies, he'd see to it she received stuffed, furry bunnies. They both wear matching wedding bands. Often, unconsciously, Cornel twists his around his finger. Perhaps he's remembering the little dime store ring Pat wore for so many years, until they could afford the rings they wear today. They like to feel they are married.

He would even like their careers to be linked. One of his most cherished dreams is for them to do a play together again. Pat is a very fine actress. She and Cornel did several plays together back in the old days in New York. Yet everyone who knows them realizes she wanted Cornel to get started in his movie career before she got started in hers. Fate played along with them. Just before they came out to Hollywood, Pat was very ill. When they arrived, she couldn't have accepted a contract even if she had wanted to, although many were offered to her. Then they had Wendy, who needed her mommie with her while she was so young. Wendy is three now and has an excellent governess, so that's why Pat is taking up her career again.

But does Cornel have the usual Hollywood-husband objections to Pat's career? He most definitely does not. He's prouder of her than 20th Century-Fox, and that's being proud in the grand manner. He will tell you that her test, the goodbye scene from "You Came Along," was one of the finest tests ever to be made in Hollywood. He will tell you that people are always comparing her to the late Jeanne Eagels. He will tell you she is beautiful. He's terrifically proud of her all the time, no matter how she's dressed or where they are. It gives him great joy to know she can dress exquisitely now. When they go into a restaurant together and all eyes focus on her, he gets a feeling in his chest, so proud and so happy, that he feels like he's going to explode.

They have everything ironed out about the why's and wherefore's of two careers



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The place the Cornel Wildes call home is this charming vine-covered house in Benedict Canyon. The front room faces a mountain covered with wild flowers and scrub oak. At right, Cornel and Pat discuss furniture for the sun room, still in planning stage.

in one family. Their house is run like clockwork by a wonderful couple. They trust little Wendy's governess implicitly. Although Cornel loves to work outside in the gardens, chop down trees, make clearings in the thick canyon brush, it is not a must. There is a very competent man on the place, who keeps everything shipshape. Pat and Cornel adore their new house, its quaint English style, its heavy shake roofs, its spacious enclosed sun terrace, and yet the house doesn't run them. They live in it to enjoy it. The last thing in the world Cornel would want for Pat would be to forsake her talent in lieu of a dishpan. That's not the usual Hollywood husband's reaction, as any number of crack-ups show. Or do you remember the story of "A Star Is Born"?

Yes, the *little* things about Cornel reveal him more clearly than the big ones. Take the matter of his secret ambition, although there's nothing so very secret about it any more. However, many years ago before the name Cornel Wilde was on the marquees of the land, the name of Cornel Wilde was making the rounds of the publishers. He was a desperate, young writer peddling his plays. He haunted literary agencies, slaved and rewrote his material. He wanted to be a writer.

What you may not realize is that he still wants to be a writer; not vaguely, not dreamily, not like one of those men who languidly say they'd like to write, some day. No, Cornel actively wants to write, and he *is* writing. He works at it, almost harder than he does at his acting career. When he isn't on a picture, he's good for eight hours a day at his typewriter. In collaboration with Robert Turney, he has just finished a

screenplay on the life of Byron. He's been working on the idea for years, thinking about it and reading books and doing research. He's been doing the actual writing with Turney for the past three months. The screen treatment is 230 pages. As any writer knows, that represents a backbreaking amount of hard work. Cornel has been doing it on the side—between pictures, after pictures, as it were. When you get up at six, work until six, learn lines at night, give interviews on your lunch hour, pose for gallery sittings, it's a tough grind. When you keep right on working at something else in spite of this, you have to want it desperately. What you may not know about Cornel Wilde is that no matter what heights he may achieve as an actor, he will never be happy deep down inside until he has become a recognized writer.

You might think that with his name the writing road would be easier. The trouble is that there is a prejudice against actor-writers in this country. In the old days, actors wrote plays for the very good reason that who knows better than an actor what he wants to say? Even Shakespeare was an actor. Still, because of the prejudice that exists against actor-writers here, Cornel generally submits his work under another name. Being famous doesn't do him any good where his writing is concerned.

Right now he has high hopes for "Byron." If he sells the screenplay to a studio, it will mean more to him than just getting another check. It will mean that a dream he has had for years has at long last come true. It will be a red letter day.

Numerous stories have been told about the many pets on the Cornel Wilde place.

There is Punch, the French poodle, devoted to the Wildes. Punch has lovely, soft brown eyes, and he has the run of the house. Cornel doesn't believe in "keeping a dog in his place—the kennel." Cornel also has five cats, which he inherited with the property. The cats are more or less wild and take care of the gopher problem. Robert Turney upped the score to seven when he moved into the bath house and brought along his two beautiful Siamese cats, knowing they would be welcome. There is also an old 'possum who wanders over the property. Deer come boldly down the mountain side to a salt lick which the Wildes have supplied. Even falcons live in the tops of the big trees. They seem to *know* about Cornel and Pat, seem to feel kindness in the air.

For, although Cornel is as he-man as they come, he doesn't like to kill. He doesn't go hunting for the simple reason that he loves all animals. This is a final tip-off to Cornel's really sensitive temperament. He thinks of animals as individuals who have feelings, are jealous,



who perhaps can be hurt just by the tone of your voice. He realizes they are timid, need morale-boosting, need to find humans they can trust. Cornel may not remember that the Bible says, "Be kind to your beast," but he practices it. His "do unto others" creed extends to every living thing. If Cornel weren't this type of person; if he were crass and unfeeling, he wouldn't be able to give such memorable sensitive performances as he has in "A Song to Remember" and, more recently, "Centennial Summer."

So, although Cornel's sense of humor is wild and unpredictable, although he loves to joke in dialect, and has often fooled even Pat with his jargon over the phone, this spontaneous good humor and love of life is tempered by a more serious side. He's masculine, virile, handsome, magnetic. He's also sensitive, tender, understanding, sentimental, a fighter for the little people.

Therefore, when people speak of Cornel Wilde's stature in Hollywood, it isn't his height, nor even his prestige as a movie star to which they refer. No, they are speaking about these other things—the things you may not know about Cornel Wilde.

Continued from page 37

girl. But if you can come to dinner, it'd be swell."

Well, I reflected, here's one of life's little blows. Here's my interview but with one little snag. No questions. Oh well, an evening with Stany was so much velvet anyway. She's a magnificent conversationalist. She has a knife-sharp analytical sense—a knack of slicing away extraneous matter and getting at the living heart of things. She's an easy talker and that most wonderful of all things, a stimulating one. The aliveness of her mind sends a charge through yours and you find yourself saying things that are better than your mental equipment should normally allow. Know what I mean? Like an athlete playing over his head. Stany can send you away feeling as though you weren't a Phi Beta Jerk at all, but rather a well-informed gal with sound ideas and a spicing of wit. But when you analyze the conversation, you find that you've talked about everything but the inner workings of Barbara Stanwyck. Stany has a reserve about the matters which are close to her heart. It's almost a little tough-boy quality, this shying away from talk of emotion. She's not the gal to spread her troubles on the table in front of you, like pretty shiny beads to be trickled through the fingers, admired, and carefully replaced.

We were sitting in the living room after dinner, talking girl talk, when Stany admired an antique brooch I was wearing. She said, "I've picked up a couple of things like that—one's a cameo. Come on upstairs—I'll haul them out."

We went up to Stany's bedroom and she opened a drawer in her dressing-table. Another small drawer came open along with the jewelry compartment, and out of it fell an accordion-pleated strip of cardboard, like one of those scenic folders you buy at summer resorts. I stooped to pick it up and noticed a snapshot of Bob Taylor pasted to the front flap. I looked at Barbara, refraining from asking a question like the lady I am, but a lady can employ a questioning glance, can't she? Barbara chuckled as she took the folder from me and said, "Those absolute fools! That's a thing Bob whipped up one Thanksgiving when he was stationed at Dallas. He knew I was alone and crying into my cranberry sauce, so he sent a photographic record of his Thanksgiving dinner."

Then she unfolded the thing and showed it to me. Seems Bob had had Thanksgiving dinner with friends of Barbara's and his when he was stationed at Dallas. They'd taken pictures of each step of preparing and eating the turkey, and the last picture was a snap of Bob and his host and hostess sitting cross-legged on the floor, with a big picture of Barbara in the middle, and drinking a Thanksgiving toast to Barbara with jack o' lantern grins.

Barbara said, "Golly, I hate holidays alone! Come Thanksgiving and Christmas and I revert right back to my Irish ancestors. I want every member of my

family there, and if the pig's in the parlor, I want him there, too, with a big red bow tied around his neck."

This from Stany, the self-sufficient, the girl who never talked about her heart. I'll never know why—I guess it was that mellow-making holiday talk. Anyway, Barbara dumped the contents of that little drawer out onto the bed and we sat down on either side of it.

I was bowled over. Stany is not a memorabilia saver. Her house isn't cluttered with bronze replicas of Tony's first shoes and such sentimental trappings. But in that small cedar drawer was the heart of Barbara Stanwyck. No impressive gold-sealed scrolls. No certificates of honor stating the wonders of Barbara Stanwyck. Just some things she cherished, and the collection portrayed this self-contained girl as the great person she is.

There was a letter from Barbara's son, Tony, dated 1942. Three sheets of thumb-smudged paper in a thumb-smudged envelope, with the words in rough eight-year-old script on careful pencil lines.

Mommy: I made a resolution that I was going to tell the truth and was not going to argue with Miss Nelson (his teacher) any mo-re, (the word division at the end of a line is Tony's own) and for keeps and you said "I did not love you any more." Well I do with all my love. Gentleman Bob and Pinky talked with me. That's what made up my mind for me. I know that you think this will be for just a week but it will be always. I am not just saying this for me to be home. I am saying this for you to be happy and I know it is for my own good. If I do I know you will be proud of me. I know you will because you said, "If you do what you're supposed to do, you will get along a lot better in life." So I am going to do it for the rest of my life until I die and that will be a long time. On the next page are four resolutions that I made

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1. I was going to tell the truth.
2. I was not going to argue with Miss Nelson.
3. I would not eat a lot of snatch food.
4. I was going to work and earn money.

Your loving son, Tony.

That document is a testimonial to Stany's wisdom and love as a mother. Tony, in his little boy language, paid her the greatest tribute. Only a gal of Stany's caliber could inspire a letter like that from the stubby pencil of a little boy.

Next was a typewritten letter on the letterhead of an old coin company. "They sent me a coin on approval," said Barbara. "It was a lovely thing in high relief. I kept it for a week, wrestled with temptation, and decided I couldn't indulge myself. I wanted it terribly, but the darned thing was just too expensive, so I sent it back. I'm afraid I yapped a little about it. I know I talked about it on the set a couple of times—about how lovely it was and how much I'd wanted it. Two weeks later, I received this letter."

Stany handed it to me and I read:
Dear Madam:

Enclosed please find the 20 dollar coin, 1907, in high relief by St. Gaudens, which you had on approval a short time ago and which you returned. It belongs to you.

A gentleman from Hollywood thought that you may like it, paid for it and gave me the order to send you the coin. I am not entitled to reveal his identity, but his letter to me was so nice and respectful, that I hope you will accept his gift.

I am,

Respectfully yours,

"I've never found out who sent it to me. I suspected Bob, but he denies it and I believe him. I love it. I saved the letter to remind myself how full the world is of swell people."

Next was a typed description of Barbara's beloved painting of Duse, the patroness of actresses. Barbara adores the picture and she has carefully saved the highly technical account of the magnificent oil, and the portraitist who painted it.

In a special envelope was a sheaf of notes and cards from Bob. They were as direct, as honestly loving, as is the Taylor-Stanwyck marriage. No flights of heribbioned fancy. Such words as, "I love you—Bob."

Then came a letter from the headmaster of Tony's school, telling Barbara that they were happy to accept for schooling a boy of Tony's caliber. Another vote of confidence for Barbara's job of son-raising.

Heavy gray stationery carried the next two letters. They were from Irene Castle—the first asking for a picture of Barbara for her son—and the second thanking Barbara for the photograph which she subsequently sent.

On a sheet of onionskin was a copy of a letter which the head of an aircraft firm had sent to the widow of a test pilot who had been killed in the line of duty. The flyer had been Bob's supe-



rior officer, and the girl showed Bob and Barbara the letter. Barbara had it copied. Said Stany, "It was a masterpiece of understated emotion. It was so obviously such a terribly tough job to do. But instead of side-stepping it with an elaborate funeral spray, he wrote the letter that needed writing and said the things that needed saying. That letter is a tribute to the man who died and to the man who wrote it." Stany, who never side-stepped a tough job in her life, had a kinship with the writer of the letter.

Then came a letter from Barbara's maid, addressed simply to "Missy." They say no man is a hero to his valet—but Barbara is certainly "The Queen" to her maid. Sentences stick in my mind. "Please believe me when I say I work for you because of YOU. I like and appreciate a good job. I enjoy being treated like a human being and fellow worker. Please don't feel that the love and friendship I offer you must make you responsible for my well-being. Anything I feel toward you, you've earned just by being 'My Missy.' Love, Harriet." Barbara Stanwyck is tall indeed in stature to inspire a spontaneous letter like that.

In an official-looking envelope was a letter from "Vogue" magazine, outlining the reception and festivities they planned when Barbara came to New York. When she was Ruby Stevens, pattern salesgirl from Brooklyn in the employ of Vogue patterns, she never dreamed she'd ever get such a letter as this—promising red carpets and silver trumpets. That's probably why it's included in the treasure of that drawer.

Last, Barbara handed me a sheet of linen stationery, saying, "This I really prize. It's in his own handwriting."

Broadway meets Hollywood: Larry Parks winds up the title rôle in Columbia's "The Jolson Story," and flies immediately to New York where his charming wife, Betty Garrett, is rolling them in the aisles in "Call Me Mister." They last saw each other on a joint vacation seven months ago. Betty's new MGM movie contract will take her to Hollywood—and Larry.



In hasty block printing in pencil, I read:

"Barbara"

A Quick Impression on a Rainy Christmas Night

by D.O.S.

That's David O. Selznick, I thought, and I read on:

Without guile. . . .

O. Henry style. . . .

Evening prayers at home. . . .

Corned beef and cabbage at the court of Rome. . . .

Minsky learns emotion. . . .

Devotion. . . .

Grant Wood on forty-eighth street. . . .

Salome's Vine street beat. . . .

Guff. . . .

Helen Hayes gets tough. . . .

Situation found. . . .

Talent on a merry-go-round. . . .

Rhapsody in blue. . . .

Spangles for Sun Bonnet Sue. . . .

The Manhattan nation. . . .

Appreciation. . . .

Selznick had reached into his rich mind and come up with a bunch of the most Stanwyckesque similies ever coined, and Barbara had stuffed it into her evening bag and brought it home to add to her treasures in the little cedar drawer.

Full of admiration for this woman, I gathered up my coat and started down the stairs.

"I'm sorry I didn't have a story for you, but honest, I'm so sick of talking about nothing," said Stany.

No story, said the lady! I had my story. The only trouble was a sense of craven inadequacy at putting it on paper. That's why the story is told as it is. Just the inventory of a small cedar drawer in a dressing-table. It should be labelled, "The Heart of Barbara Stanwyck—Table of Contents."

impressed by his work that he wanted to contract him to make at least one picture a year under the Hecht banner. But Chekhov has an antipathy towards tying himself up with future commitments. He wants to take life in stride and will work on only a rôle-to-rôle basis.

On another recent assignment, "Cross My Heart," at Paramount, Chekhov walked into a situation just opposite to the one he had experienced with Hecht. While Hecht had known him only by reputation, John Berry, the director on "Cross My Heart," had long stood in awe of the Chekhov talent from a matter of personal knowledge. While Chekhov was conducting a season of his own personal theater in New York in 1942, Berry had come to him and obtained permission to attend his lectures. The director was a bit disconcerted, to say the least, when he was confronted by the master on a Hollywood sound stage and in the position of having to tell him what to do before a camera. In this film, incidentally, the pendulum swings to the opposite extreme from the rôle Chekhov did in "Spellbound." In "Cross My Heart" he portrays an insane man who always wants to play "Hamlet," while in "Spellbound" it was his chore to treat mental derangements.

The Chekhov talent, although it is unquestionably natural to the man, was by no means developed over-night. In other words, it's a long story; but as stories about vital human beings go, not without plenty of interesting highlights. Michael Chekhov was born in St. Petersburg, Russia, in 1891, the son of Alexander Chekhov, who by profession was a newspaperman and writer of historical novels. And although the world recognizes the actor's most famous kinsman as his uncle, Anton Chekhov, the actor was more impressed with his father.

"My father could do anything and do it well," he told me. "He had the most magnetic personality I've ever known. Actually he was hypnotic. He could look at another person and make him fall asleep. Besides his newspaper work and his writing he was also a great linguist and philosopher. And he was always augmenting his knowledge with some new interest. He was a prodigious reader in philosophy, but was equally as keen about science. He started teaching me these two branches of learning when I was a very small boy, and as a result I selected the one I liked best and decided I wanted to be a doctor. To this day, in fact, I still want to be a doctor, but I would prefer to become a chiropractor. If I ever get enough leisure time I'm going to enroll in a chiropractic college and get a degree."

But the boy, Michael, also gave evidence at a very early age of possessing a natural bent for acting. His gift for mimicing his father's friends so impressed the elder Chekhov and his wife that they decided his future was in the theater. "Fortunately or unfortunately," sighed the actor, "I prospered in my early acting career and so you see me today."

At seventeen Michael was already familiar with the boards. He ran the gamut of rôles in the state subsidized theater in St. Petersburg—now Leningrad—until he was twenty-one, and then his parents and teachers decided he would be ready for bigger things after he had served his required three years of military training. It was for the latter that he went to Moscow when he reached his majority; but luckily for the theater the young man was rejected for being underweight.

"Shortly before I was to leave Moscow," he told me, "I met my actress aunt, Olga-Knipper, wife of my uncle Anton, the playwright. She was a famous actress at the Moscow Art Theater, and in view of my previous acting experience she invited me to join the group. Naturally I did this, and I remained in Moscow until 1928. My aunt, by the way, is still one of the finest actresses in Russia although she is now 80. People still rave about her spirit and charm. To me she was a great friend as well as a great actress, and together we appeared in most of her husband's plays."

Michael remained in the Moscow Art Theater studying under Nemirovich-Danchenko and Stanislavsky until 1923, when he became the director of the Second Moscow Art Theater. Developing and exploring his individual approach to the problems of the theater, he trained and directed his new company to his own methods. Simultaneously he continued his career as an actor both in the Moscow Art Theater—where he played among other rôles *Khlestakov* in "The Inspector General"—and in the Second Moscow Art Theater where he portrayed the rôles of "Hamlet," "Eric the XIV," *Malvolio* in "Twelfth Night," and *Caleb* in "The Cricket on the Hearth." During this period he also lectured and taught at workers' clubs.

Of all the rôles he created in Russia the one of *Hamlet* was the most important to him personally, because it brought love into Michael's young life in the form of Xenia Julia Siller, daughter of a prominent Moscow industrialist. Years later—they have been married since 1919—Mrs. Chekhov confessed that after she saw Michael's *Hamlet*

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she was so overcome that she left the party of friends she had brought to the theater and rushed out into the street, running for blocks before she knew what she had done.

Judging from this we may assume that Michael was quite the *matinée* idol, but he modestly passed on to another subject when I tried to enlarge this thought. But as for his wife, he is tireless in proclaiming her virtues. Miss Betty Raskin, who has come to know her very well since she started handling the actor's career, has nicknamed her Juliette. She says that only Shakespeare's famous lovers could have been closer than her client and his wife.

"There was one amusing thing about our courtship that might give your readers a laugh," Chekhov told me. "Her family felt that an actor was a little beneath Julia on the social scale and tried to discourage her from seeing me. Everything else failing, they bought her a beautiful Spitz dog to distract her attention from me, but I overcame that competition and was finally received into the family. From then on I have been on the friendliest possible terms with my in-laws." The happiness of his marriage has been a great help to the actor's career by his own admission, and without his wife he doubtless would be a lonely man. Today he doesn't have a single living blood relative left.

Taking a wife was not the only single important event during his lifetime in Russia, however, for during his early years his country underwent two great social revolutions in 1905 and 1917.

Never inclined toward politics, though, Chekhov was almost entirely oblivious to these events because of his absorption in the theater. The theater in Russia has always been subsidized by the state and a changing regime didn't make much difference in the quality of work.

By 1928 Chekhov decided he had gone as far as he could in his native land, and he decided to fulfill an old desire to go to other countries and study their theaters and acting methods. His first stops were Berlin and Vienna, where he acted in Max Reinhardt's productions, and then he went on to Paris, Prague, Kaunas and Riga, where he arranged a school for the Latvian Actors' Union.

An American tour in 1935 brought high praise from the critics, who acclaimed him as a brilliant and highly gifted actor. This tour resulted in an invitation to establish the Chekhov Theater Studio at Dartington Hall, England. In 1939 the theater moved to Ridgefield, Conn., where a series of productions were prepared for a road tour in 1940. Among some of the plays that were done in the Chekhov Theater were "King Lear" and "Twelfth Night." Mr. Chekhov not only directed these plays but designed the sets and costumes. This tour, from Maine to Texas, evoked warm, critical praise resulting in a Broadway engagement in December, 1941.

Chekhov's introduction to Hollywood came when Gregory Ratoff, at the suggestion of Sergei Rachmaninoff, persuaded him to come to MGM studios to play the rôle of Susan Peter's father in "Song of Russia."

As far as the actor and his wife are concerned they have found the place where they want to live from now on. Chekhov sees no reason why he can't direct and lecture as well as act in Hollywood, and, in fact, there already have been invitations for him to establish a school in the film colony. He is now directing a play for the Actors' Laboratory, one of the most important theater groups in Hollywood. He piloted one of his old favorites for them—Gogol's "Inspector General," in which he himself has enacted *Khlestakov* dozens of times.

Seeing the Chekhovs at home it is understandable why they are content with their present lot. They live in a simple, six-room farmhouse on an acre of land in the San Fernando Valley. They have a large garden where they grow their own vegetables and enough room for the actor to cultivate roses. "You might say," laughed Chekhov, "that our home is practically run by our four wire-haired terriers."

Chekhov is a firm believer in the simple life and is a very religious man. He has been a member of an Anthroposophical Society since 1922, by which his spiritual beliefs are guided. To give you an idea of his friendliness, when he did "Spellbound" on the air with Ingrid Bergman last year, he showed up at the studio with a gift surprise for her—a basket of grapes he and his wife had picked from their own arbor.

The Chekhov table is always graced by simple fare, including vegetables from their garden, and always an abundant supply of goat's milk. They have one goat and Mrs. Chekhov does the milking.

The actor and his wife entertain very little in their small circle of friends, and Hollywood night life just doesn't exist for them. Chekhov himself has one absorbing hobby outside of his various interests in the theater, namely chess. He invites all experts, and master players around Hollywood have a healthy respect for his skill. He also paints, and before he does a rôle he sketches the character he is going to portray from every angle so that he may view it objectively. This is part of the thoroughness of his early training in Russia. In this connection, it is fascinating to watch him direct. He has an exact concept of how every rôle should be played and acts out each character from bits to the lead to show the cast how he feels it should be done. He is a master of everything from the broadest comedy to the bleakest tragedy.

In all his long fidelity to art Chekhov has taken on a minimum of the eccentricities that usually mark a fellow of his acknowledged ability. He has, in fact, just one pronounced phobia. He detests parking an automobile and would as soon not start out on a trip in his car unless he knows there will be ample room to park the machine when he reaches his destination.

Miss Raskin always knows what she will hear when she calls to tell him he has been set for a rôle at one of the studios. As she begins to enlighten him as to the major details of the deal he invariably stops her. "Before we go into that," he will say, "tell me—how are the parking arrangements at that lot?"



Lucille Bremer and Van Johnson, featured in the "I Won't Dance" number of MGM's "Till the Clouds Roll By," bring out the coffee pot for that between-scenes tag.

Continued from page 53

these tests and I'll show you a Marjorie Reynolds who will really surprise you!" was the startling proposition which the new Reynolds of the brunette tresses suggested.

Mr. Freeman considered himself sufficiently surprised already. This dark-haired dynamo was hardly recognizable as the docile little blonde for years rated "the most co-operative star on the lot." Being a chivalrous Southern gentleman, however, Mr. Freeman merely observed that to allow her to supervise her own tests would set a precedent that might sweep the industry, creating Hollywood-wide havoc.

As though her point had been gained, Marjorie continued undaunted. "I'd also like permission to make pictures at other studios when good rôles are offered."

The new Reynolds personality must be plenty "solid" for Marjorie is not only making and supervising the much-discussed tests, she is also on loan-out to Universal, where she supplies the brunette glamor in an Abbott and Costello opus.

Most important of all, her marriage is off to a delightfully fresh start. Barely eighteen when she married, Marjorie was a *Claudia*-girl, happily guided by her man *David*. Jack practically had to bring her up, according to Marjorie, passing judgment on her hair, makeup and clothes; making all important decisions for her. Worst squabbles were over hats. She never could find one sensible enough to please him.

"I wanted to look my best for Jack when he was discharged after three years with the Signal Corps," she relates with an impish grin. "Started out with the best intentions, to buy the neat, simple sort of clothes he preferred for me." At the milliner's, however, she fell for the maddest, most expensive hat in the shop—a sheer black brimmed affair drooling with matching feathers and red roses. "I look positively wicked!" she gasped, trying it on. The ghost of her old timid self cautioned, "Jack is not going to like this!" but the New Woman snapped back, "It's just what I need for my morale!" and bade the salesgirl wrap it up.

There was nothing in her blonde wardrobe that was suitable with the devastating lid. Another shopping spree yielded a slinky green satin gown. While she was being fitted Marjorie prayed for the courage to hold fast to her bold new convictions.

On Jack's first evening at home she arrayed herself in the daring finery and waited for the storm to break. Instead she got a low unhusbandly whistle. "The face is familiar," he leered. "Didn't I know you once, when you were just a little girl?"

"Uh-huh," beamed Marjorie, playing up to him. "Like it?"

"Love it."

"Even the hat?"

"Especially the hat."

It was a soul-satisfying reunion. Un-

derneath the gay banter developed a deeper understanding than Marjorie and Jack had yet known. Where formerly she had echoed his views and blindly abided by his decisions, they now operate on a give-and-take basis, discussing their careers with equal respect. She is as helpful to him in his work as a movie director as he has always been to her. Only subject that tops "picture talk" is that of raising a family. "Jack and I have always wanted children. Now for the first time we feel fully capable of shouldering the responsibilities. We're hoping for three."

Actually there isn't room for an extra kitten just now in their new two-story house in Sherman Oaks out San Fernando way. The housing shortage what it is, the handsome gray and white Colonial manse bulges with guests. When Marjorie moved in with her dad, Dr. Harry Goodspeed, she looked about her and cried, "We can't have all these rooms going to waste when people are so desperate for places to live!" So her friend Donna Anderson and infant son were installed in one of the spare bedrooms. When Donna's husband, Stan Anderson, was released from the Navy Marjorie insisted he join his wife and child "until they found a decent house." Next came Howard Magwood, Donna's brother and Jack's buddy in the Signal Corps. When Jack came home there was a good deal of shifting about to accommodate him. With no room left for servants every member of the household, including the men, has chores to do. Even Fritz, the miniature black Schnauzer, is trained to bring in the morning paper.

So many young people under one roof make for gaiety. "At five o'clock we drop whatever we're doing to assemble in the den for the cocktail hour. That's the high spot of the day and the 'hour' often extends late into the evening. With no servants to consider we put off dinner as late as we choose," says Marjorie happily. "Friends drop in for a short drink and long talks. We tear into everything—books, art, plays, music, whatever we happen to pounce on.

Her own reversion to type was discussed with brutal frankness at one of these sessions. "I tried to make my friends understand that it's not that I believe the color of your hair is important—that brunettes are more vital than blondes. The main point is the ability to recognize your true self and let nothing or nobody change you. More important is making the most of the *real you*. Even movie stars grow complacent, neglect the small spark that may be kindled into inspiration. The spark may be fanned by a slight move in an untried direction. A daring hat or gown might do it for you, or learning to play a musical instrument. Making a new friend, or rediscovering an old one. These things are just a start, but everyone should get a fresh start once in a while," says Marjorie finally. "It's wonderful!"

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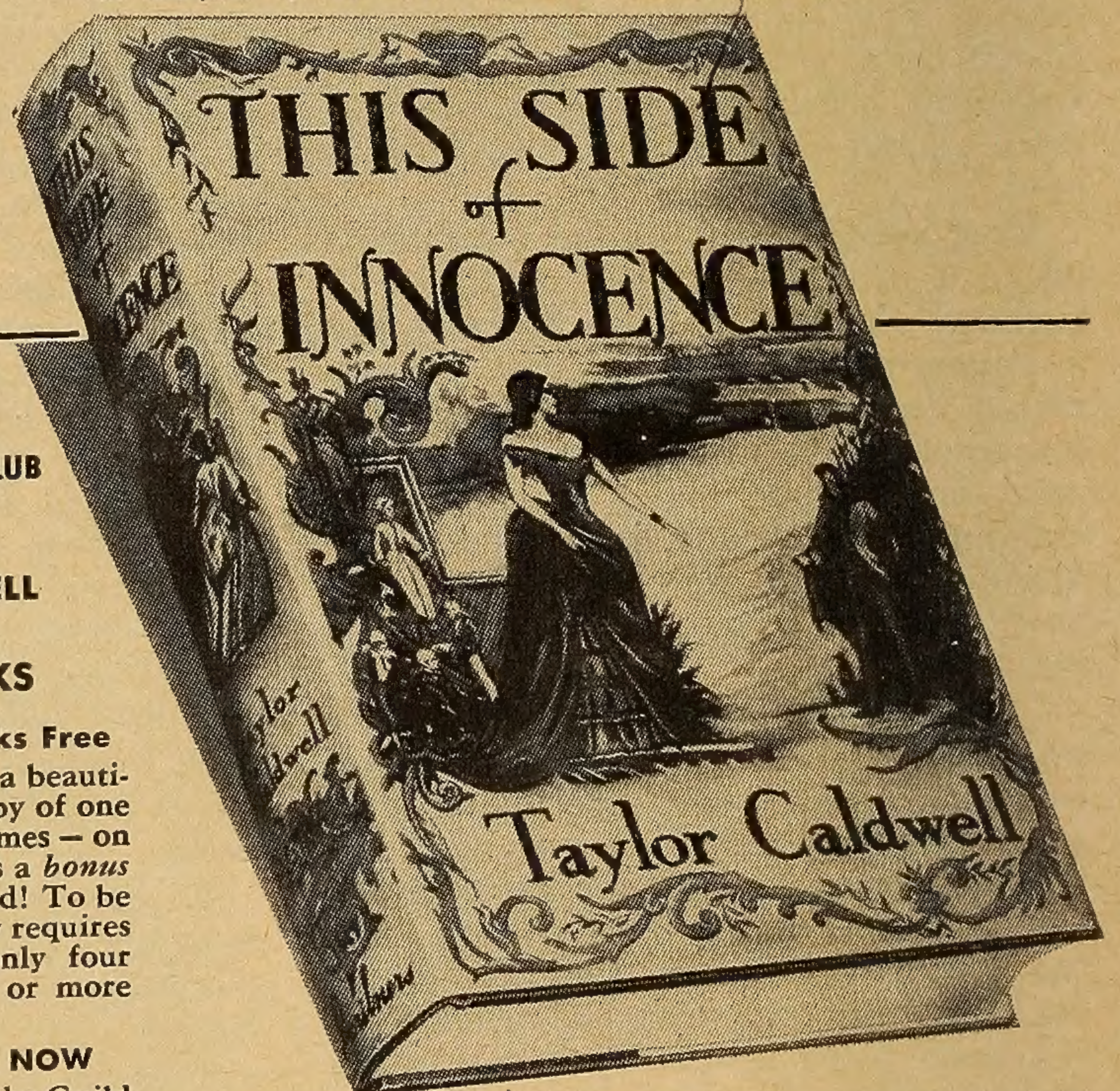


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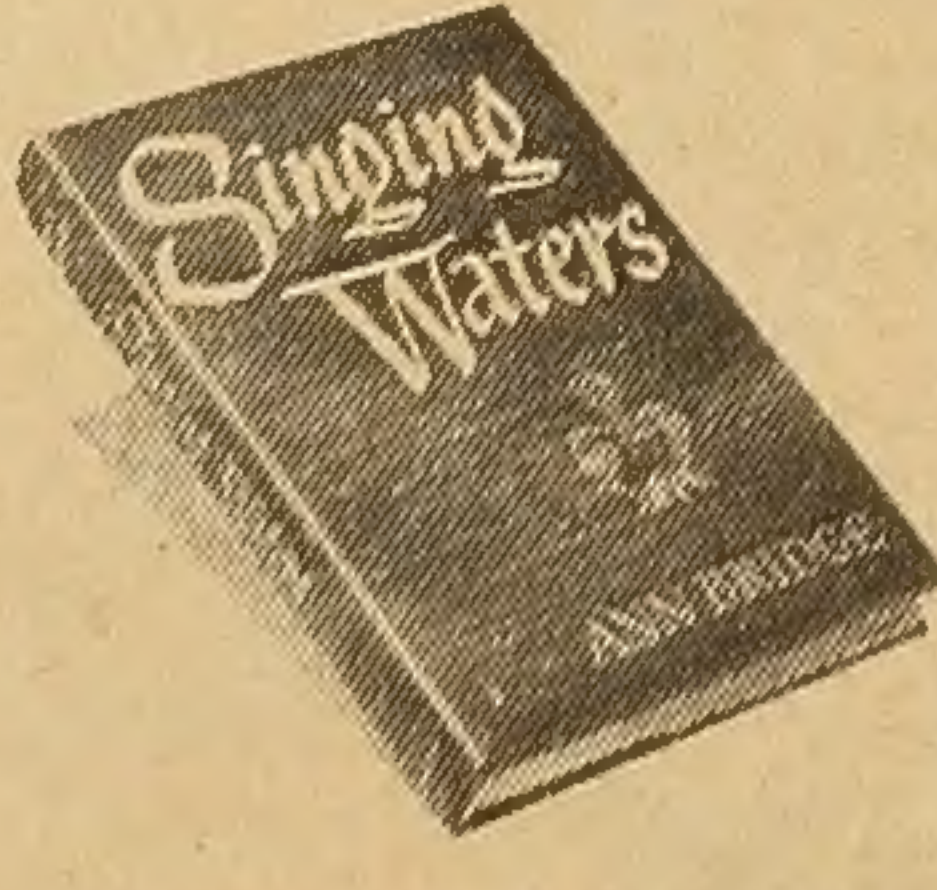
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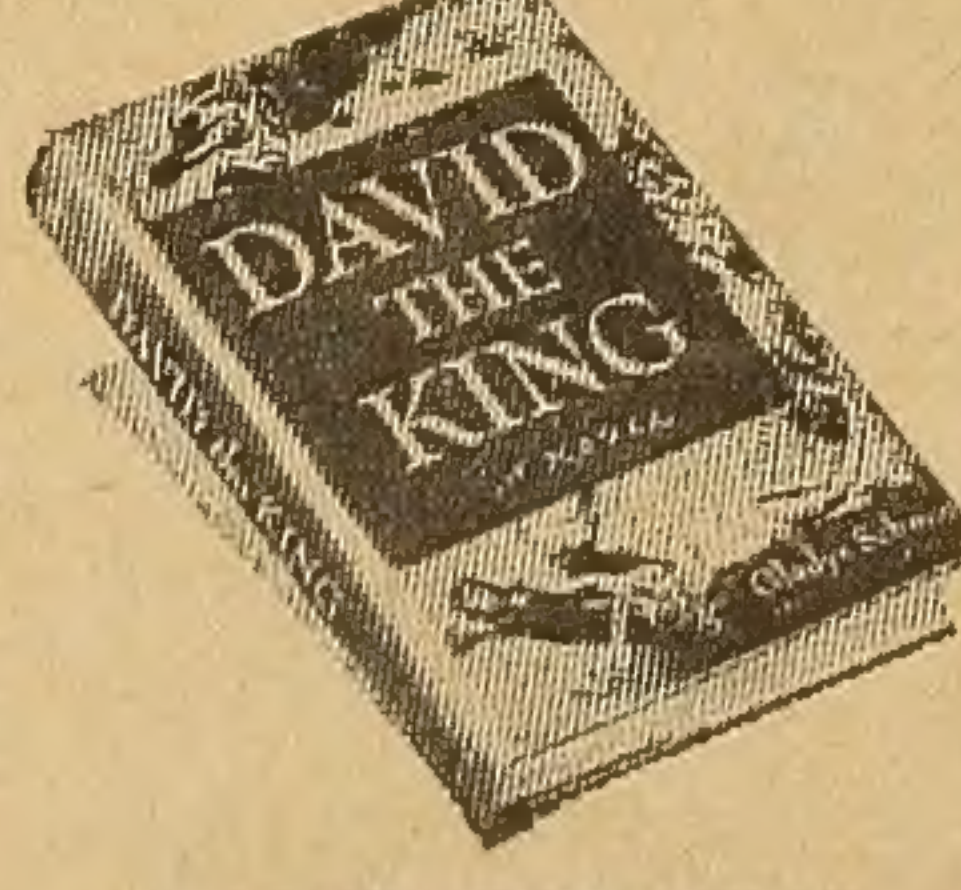
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